

Children's Newspaper, July 10, 1937

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR PEACE?
Why Not Send a Child the CN?
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 955 ←

Week Ending
JULY 10, 1937

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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One Halfpenny

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THE NEW WORLD ROUND THE POLE

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THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF THE WORLD'S GOLD

Produced in the Empire For America

AMERICA continues to add to her great hoard of gold. Month by month the figure increases. The latest bulletin shows that in April it reached 11,800 million dollars. In £ sterling that is roundly £2,360,000,000.

This means that America has more than half of all the world's gold stock:

The World	£4,500,000,000
America	£2,360,000,000

For each man, woman or child in the United States the American Government holds over £18 worth of gold!

Let us see how this gold accumulation has arisen. In 1932 the American stock was £840,000,000. Two years later it had nearly doubled, at £1,640,000,000.

Few people realise that, in effect, the British Dominions, with Soviet Russia, are producing the gold which America chiefly consumes.

In the British Empire alone 18 million ounces of gold are now produced every year, and it goes mainly to America. That is to say, the Empire does not consume its own gold, though Great Britain takes some of it.

There are two reasons why America has been buying so much gold.

The first is that she has a restrictive tariff which keeps out imports of goods. But for that fact her importation of goods would be so great that she would have either to export more goods to pay for them or to export part of her gold stock in payment.

The second reason is that there has been a big American importation of capital. Foreign citizens, many of them British, have been investing in American securities so largely that the American Treasury reckons that there has been an inward flow of over £500,000,000 in the last two years.

The Need For Freer Trade

One well-known English economist has urged that we should raise our British stock of gold from £500,000,000 to £1,000,000,000, as a precautionary measure to prevent such a sudden call upon us as caused the serious run on the Bank of England a few years ago.

Then there is the question of Freer Trade. America urges that international trade should be promoted by the general reduction of tariffs, and invites the British Empire to reconsider its Imperial trade policy of Preference. Against this is the weight of much opinion at home, and the keen opposition of the British Dominions. On this head compromise may happily be found possible, but in America itself there are cross-currents. The business men of America protest that they cannot improve labour conditions and at the same time consent to the lower prices caused by freer trade.

Returning to the world's gold stock, we may note that it is now mainly in the hands of three countries, America, Great Britain, and France.

This one-sided distribution of the basis of credit is apparently a symptom of world trade restriction, which can only be remedied by an improvement in international trade relations.

NOT SO MANY BUSES WANTED

THE bus strike has apparently taught the Londoner to walk, as we expected it would.

The pennies he paid for his bus in Central London before the strike have not flowed back now the strike is over.

It was supposed that, as the absence of the buses drove him underground into the tubes and railways, he might transfer his custom to them; but the Transport Board says he has not. What the Board lost on the swings they have not made up on the roundabouts.

First of the reasons for this shyness on the part of the Londoner is that in Central London, owing to the crush of traffic, it is quicker to walk short distances than to take a bus or plunge

underground. It is healthier, especially in summer, and so why waste a penny?

A second reason may be that the penny and twopenny fares need readjusting. When they were fixed some years ago the traveller often found that the penny fare put him down short of where he wanted to go, and the extra 200 yards cost him an extra penny.

If these rather tricky arrangements were put right, in his favour, he might be tempted back. But at present the bus does not offer him enough in comfort or speed for his money. He has become walk-minded, and we may find the strike has done us a little good after all if it teaches us to walk and takes a few buses off the street.



CHILDREN OF LIMEHOUSE WATCHING THE SHIPS GO BY ON LONDON'S RIVER

IS THERE A MAXIMUM SPEED FOR AN AEROPLANE?

AT a great gathering of scientists at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington it has just been demonstrated that no aeroplane of any type at present invented can fly at more than 550 miles an hour.

At speeds in excess of that figure the machine meets suddenly increased resistance, rising in force to nine times the opposition encountered by the plane at lower velocities. The drag becomes so serious that engines cannot be built powerful enough to overcome it.

Even so the advance made by man during the few years he has been flying almost passes belief. From the first flight to the fastest, all has been achieved within the lifetime of people still young. We have outsoared the birds, and we fly at many times the speed of the fastest.

Insects began their flight 300 million years ago; reptiles spread leathery wings and took the air some 150 million years afterwards—birds followed much later. The insects remain small and insignificant except in number; the reptiles have flown out of the book of living things; the birds have nothing bigger than an eagle to challenge us in the air; the fruit bat is the bulkiest mammal to cleave the skies. Wingless man has been flying less than a generation and now seems to have reached the maximum speed possible.

But human aviation is so young that no one can foresee what new wonders of invention man will achieve to surmount the obstacle barring the way to greater speeds. We have yet to hear from the rocket men.

The difference between man and the lower world is that whereas insects, birds, and mammals have to accept the best with which Nature presents them, man, baffled in one direction, finds a dozen new and better ones.

Grandfathers who were athletes during the last half of the 19th century will remember with what incredulity the world heard that an Oxford undergraduate was reported to have cleared over six feet. A well-known jumper, named Donald Dinnie, wrote to the papers showing on what he considered unassailable grounds that it was physically impossible for any human being to rise by muscular effort six feet from the earth. Last year at the Berlin Olympic Games Johnson of the United States cleared 6 feet 8 inches.

MY LORD THE ELEPHANT

An Army Thousands Strong

Uganda's Game Warden, Captain Pitman, who is the Lord Protector of East Africa's Big Game, is sorely troubled about My Lord the Elephant.

This intractable giant, who is a destroyer of the crops of Uganda, and will attack their Native owners with deadly effect if they stand in his way, is increasing in numbers. The elephants are overrunning Uganda. They burst out in hordes from the Bunyoro Game Reserve and a small army of patrols has to be alert to keep them back or drive them back. Every year more than 2000 elephants have to be got rid of in one way or other. But, says Captain Pitman, for every elephant that dies, two appear mysteriously to replace it. A point has been reached when the Game Wardens can just hold their own, and no more, against this army of elephants. It is quite impossible to explain from where the vast concourse comes.

A School For Elephants

Attempts have been made in the Congo to form an elephant training school, where elephants learn to work, as in India, but the Congo experiment has not spread elsewhere. The African Elephant remains a burden on the ratepayer and the enemy of the poor agriculturist.

A milder picture of the elephant is afforded by Mr J. P. Birch, who was a witness of the unusual sight of an elephant swimming across the Nile. He saw it from a launch and the elephant had a curious roll as it swam. The launch had to reduce speed to avoid a collision. The Natives thought there was a sandbar across the Nile to serve it as a guide, but they had never seen an elephant cross.

Elephants do cross the Nile lower down the river, but this is generally by the natural bridge formed by the accumulation of weeds, the Nile sudd.

The Miracle of the Cornfield

Professor E. J. Salisbury of University College, London, makes an astonishing statement on plant growth.

He says that measurements have shown that the total root-length of cereals grown as widely spaced individual plants, free from growth competition of any kind, yields astonishing values. If the lengths of all the roots on such a plant be added together the total may attain something like fifty miles!

When grown in drills in the usual way, however, without weeds, so that competition is between the corn plants themselves, the total root length may be only half a mile, though even the half-mile seems astonishing enough to the uninitiated.

We may gather from this the influence of weeds on crops. Each weed substantially checks what might be miles of fruitful root. Another point is that more study is required of the proper distances at which to space out plants in a crop.

In China and Japan they transplant rice and other seedlings to obtain abundant returns. Growth is a miracle we do not yet fully realise.

1000 Miles of Film

The President of the Board of Film Censors, Lord Tyrrell, has been telling us that the examiners viewed over a thousand miles of film last year, covering 2416 subjects, and exception was taken to 391 films, compared with 360 in the year before. During last year they did not receive a single complaint from the 700 local authorities in the areas in which films were shown.

THE OLD GATEWAY IS ITSELF AGAIN

Strange Story of Two Turrets at Canterbury

CHRIST CHURCH Gateway into the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral is again crowned with the noble turrets with which its architect completed it four centuries ago.

Four hundred winters had left their mark on the gateway's ancient stones, when, two years ago, the Friends of the Cathedral, inspired by Dame Janet Stancomb Wills in particular, made a reality of many a Cathedral lover's dream by restoring it. But wind and weather had not been its only enemies.

Canon Shirley, headmaster of the King's School, Canterbury, the oldest school in England (where the Editor of the C N has just been speaking to the boys in a room where Chaucer may have slept) recalls the story as it was told by the Rev. George Gilbert, a King's Scholar.

The Banker and the Clock

Mr Gilbert wrote that one day, in a year before 1815, his father was in the Bank of Simmons and Gippo, at the corner of St Margaret Street, and Alderman Simmons and Mr Jesse White, the Cathedral surveyor, were there also. The Alderman, asking the time of day, said to the surveyor "If these turrets of the Cathedral gate were away, we should see the Church clock from the Bank. Can't you pull them down, Jesse?"

Jesse replied that it should be done, and done it was on the false ground that they were too heavy for the Gate.

Now, more than 120 years later, owing to the generosity of another Friend of the Cathedral, Mrs Ida Richardson, who unhappily has not lived to see it, exact replicas of the twin turrets are restored to their rightful place. The Gateway is nearly itself again; nearly, but not quite, because one niche is still empty. The shields

adorning it await their proper colouring. The square on which it looks might well be improved by Canterbury citizens, for it is very shabby.

The people who spoil so much of our country with their ugly shop fronts have been particularly active in this sacred place, and now that the Gateway has been so handsomely restored, it remains for the town to make the square worthy of its situation.

A Slip in Putting Things Right

One thing also it remains for the Friends of Canterbury to do, for in doing this fine piece of work they have most unhappily gone wrong with the date. Putting right a stupidity of the 19th century they have most regrettably committed a 20th century stupidity by giving the wrong date for the Gateway, carved in Latin on its stone front. May we hope that this will be set right?

At the same time that the ceremony of dedicating the two turrets was performed by Dr Bell, Bishop of Chichester (remembered by the C N as Canterbury Bell because he started the Friends movement when he was Dean there), another of the stones of the Cathedral was placed by a Cathedral mason on one of the walls. These stones are of cathedral stone, left over in restorations, and have cut on them the Canterbury Cross and a Latin inscription. This, the 92nd stone, was presented to the Dean by Lord Cornwallis, Provincial Master of Kent masons. Eighty-nine similar stones have been sent overseas to be built into the walls of the Cathedrals of the Empire, and the other two were sent to the Cathedral Church of St John, Providence, U.S.A., and the Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, as gifts from the Friends of Canterbury.

NEWTIMBER HILL IS YOURS

THANKS to Lady Buxton's generosity and the Brighton Corporation's assistance, Newtimber Hill on the Sussex Downs has now become for ever ours.

It was England's always, but now that Lady Buxton has given 200 acres of it as a memorial to her husband, and the Brighton Corporation has given the remainder to the keeping of the National Trust, it is safe for all time.

There could be no better way of keeping green the memory of one who, like Lord Buxton, was a lover of the countryside as well as an English statesman; and there is no countryside better worth preserving than these Sussex Downs, which are like everlasting monuments of English history and England's comeliness.

Newtimber Hill, with the woodlands clothing its rounded form like a green mantle, needs no commendation. It speaks for itself, and the birds that make it their home sing its praises to the wild flowers.

Newtimber, the home of the Buxtons, is one of the villages in Arthur Mee's new volume on Sussex (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.). This is the story he tells of it.

It is lost among the trees off the Brighton Road, but those who seek will find, and they will find a shrine of precious things. They will open a white gate at the foot of Wolstonbury Hill, walk through a field, and find an old church filled with new and ancient beauty, a lovely place after six or seven centuries. The pathos, the courage, the tragedy of it all will bring a tear to any eye. An acre of God's garden and a rare little English field is this, made sacred by the presence of fine spirits. The monuments of the Buxtons seem something like an epitome of our race.

We come upon them first in the tower, where stands the lovely sculpture by Sir W. Reynolds-Stephens of a mother and child. It is to Doreen Fitz-Roy, Earl Buxton's daughter, and the beautiful words are simply, We thank God upon every remembrance of you.

On the wall is her brother's memorial, a figure in armour under a charming canopy. He was killed in Flanders as a boy of 20 leading his company into action, and the words are these:

Young, gifted, radiant, most beloved, his very presence stimulated happiness and gaiety. Life promised him all he held most dear, yet eagerly and steadfastly he gave himself for his country.

Was ever a more pathetic page of life than of this brother and this sister? They were twins, and they grew up radiant and beautiful, with all the joy of life about them, he to fall in Flanders, she to live a few more years and then to die in giving a little one to the world.

Between the two memorials of the brother and sister is a charming marble relief to Charles Sydney Buxton. It shows a man with a spade and a man with a book, it bears the fine motto, "Do it with thy might," and it tells us of this young man:

He loved the beauty and the poetry of Nature. He loved above all our Sussex Downs. Deeply stirred by the unequal opportunities of this life; impatient of difficulties and delays, he gave himself with passionate energy to the aid of his fellow men. He was a loving and beloved son and brother.

The most famous of the Buxtons in our time, the first earl, was one of the last of the political Victorians, a man greatly beloved for his own sake and widely esteemed for his public spirit.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The hundreds of trees planted in the new park at Jarrow are all doing well.

The wreckage of the £100,000 airship Hindenburg has been sold for £3100.

Filey in Yorkshire has decided to issue postcards with a plan of its parking places, the idea being to give one to every motorist as soon as he enters the town.

Granny Caird of Scotland is 106. She is still able to go up and down stairs and walk in her granddaughter's garden at Stenhaven in Scotland.

Horsewhips have been banned in Turkey, and the drivers of cabs and other vehicles will have to use more humane methods of speeding up their horses.

747 Birds and 747 Minerals

Every bird, fish, beast, or reptile comes sooner or later to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

There are millions of things in the cases already, and still they come. All the world joins the givers, among whom is the King, who has sent the skin of a black Indian leopard, a magnificent creature which when alive was like the Shere Khan of Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Tales. The black leopard is a curiosity; the passport most of the candidates bring to South Kensington is that they are new.

Mr H. St J. Philby, who made a journey no white man had made before in Southern Arabia, brought back 747 birds, including a new kind of magpie, an unknown owl, and an emerald cuckoo, as rare a bird as it sounds. By an odd coincidence, Mr F. N. Ashcroft has presented to the museum just the same number of Swiss minerals.

Both are outnumbered by other contributions. From the collection of Dr Tillyard, who was entomologist to the Commonwealth, come 500 mayflies and 700 dragonflies from Australia and New Zealand, 20,000 fossils from Ayrshire, and 1000 plants from the deserts and mountains of Algeria.

The 84-Hour Week

While Mr Ford and others are talking about the possibilities of a five-hour day to make the work go round, the Japanese Government has just drafted a bill to reduce the number of the workmen's hours from fifteen to twelve. The Japanese workman, working seven days a week, will thus have an 84-hour week.

THINGS SEEN

Over 2000 passengers leaving the Queen Mary at Southampton, a record.

Myriads of caterpillars sweeping over thousands of acres in Scotland and leaving them bare.

A fire-engine driven in London with a capital L on it.

A lorry running at 50 m p h on Sidcup arterial road.

THINGS SAID

To reconstruct our trunk roads as 120-foot roads would cost £430,000,000.

Warwickshire's County Surveyor

Playing fields are wanted more in the country than in the cities: Lord Derby

In five or six years 20,000 acres of land in the London district has disappeared to make room for bricks and mortar.

Sir Lawrence Chubb

It remains, and will remain as long as the world lasts, that God ought to be obeyed rather than men.

Dr Niemoller in Berlin

Each generation has the children it deserves.

Lord Sankey

The motor-car race is worth observing as one of the most depressing of modern phenomena.

Headmaster of Blundell's School, Tiverton

July 10, 1937

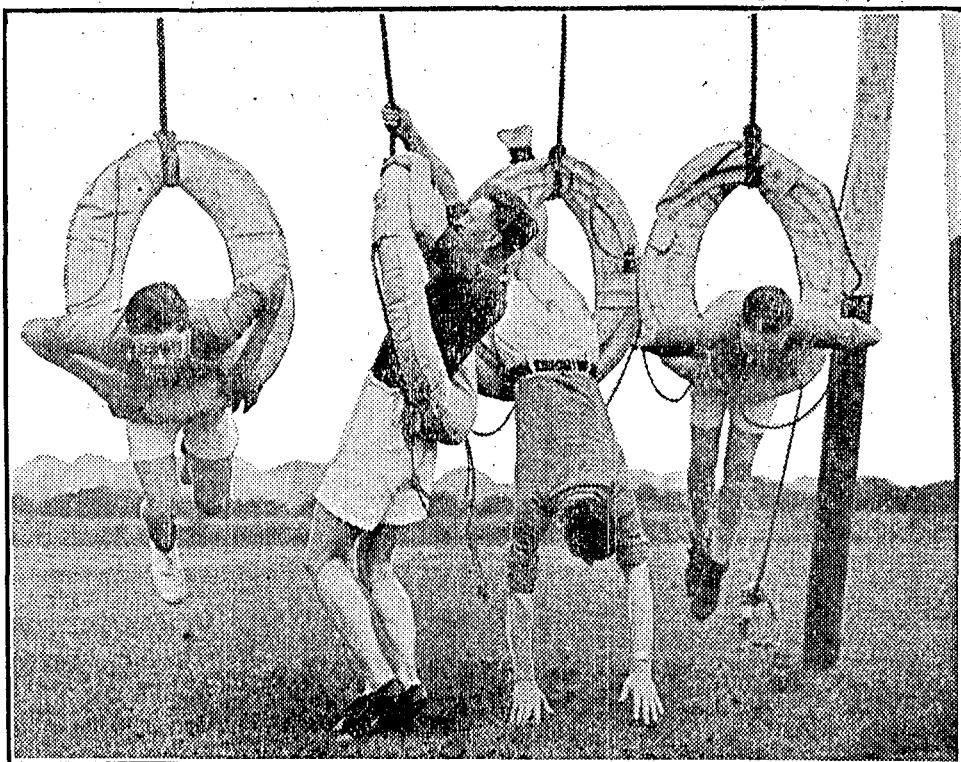
The Children's Newspaper

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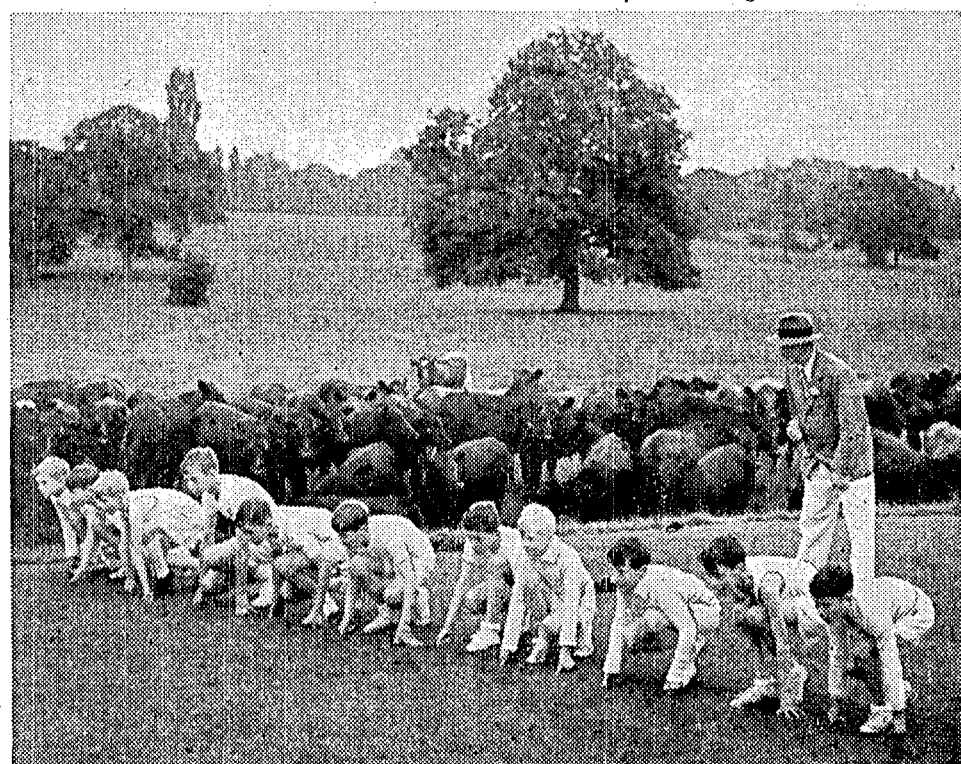
The Chief Scout · A Chelsea Garden · Waterloo Bridge



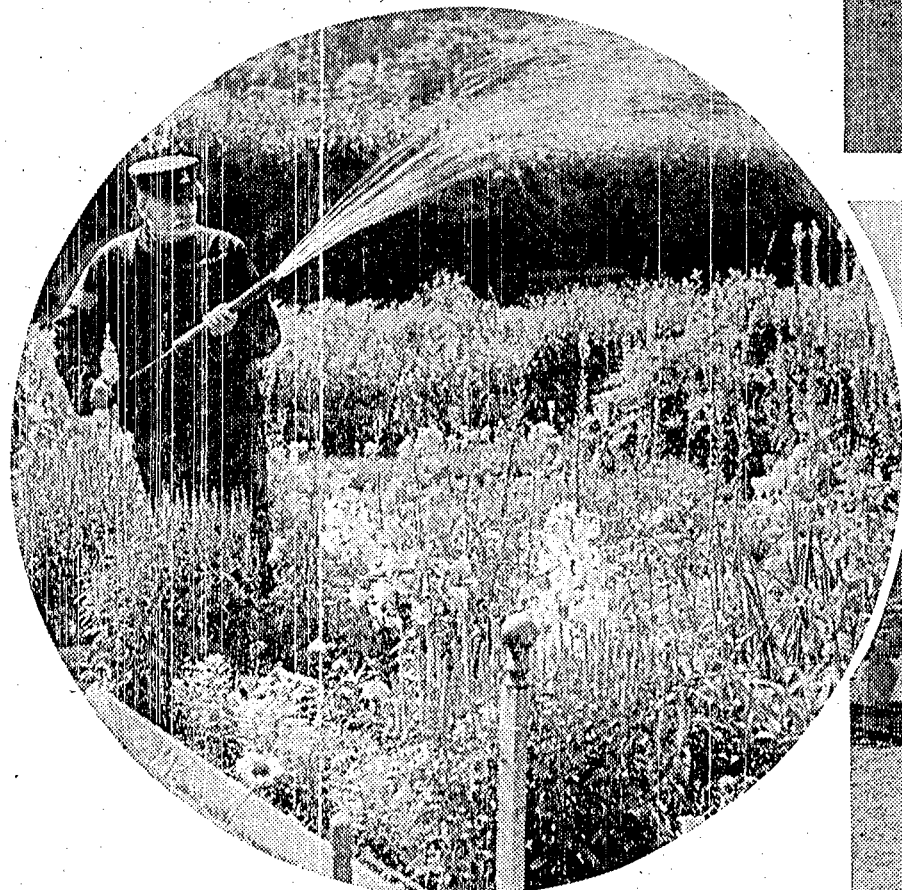
B-P Puts On His Old Uniform—The Chief Scout attending a levee at St James's Palace in the uniform of his old regiment



The Obstacle Race—Old lifebelts form obstacles at a sports meeting at Chatham



Unusual Spectators—A herd of cattle watch the beginning of a race at the Tenterden Hall Sports near St Albans



Another Chelsea Flower Show—Sergeant C. Relf of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea tending his flowers in readiness for a gardens competition



Waterloo Bridge—Stacks of masonry from old Waterloo Bridge at a wharf at Harmondsworth in Middlesex. The material will be used for building in many parts of the country

ARE WE HUMBUGS?

Miss Nancy Price Thinks
We Are

Are we Humane or Humbugs? was the question debated by Miss Nancy Price and her friends not long ago before a big audience at the Playhouse Theatre.

The English people pretend they are humane, yet they permit entertainments in which the noble wild things of the jungle are made to leap through hoops of fire and sit stupidly on tubs. They think hunting and blood sports a proper gentleman's pastime. People who do this are not humane, says Miss Price, *they are humbugs*, and, in a stirring speech, she appealed for a stronger stand for the protection of animals.

Think how much we owe to the animal world, she said. They give us clothes, food, friendship; they lend the world much of its interest and beauty. Think of fields with no horse or cow in them. Think of the woods without birds. Let us give them their due—not only for their own sakes but for our own. "The more mercy and love and understanding we give to these creatures, the more civilised we become," said Miss Price.

Abolish the Private Zoo

She urged that England should place itself in the ranks of civilisation by banning blood sports, the circus, and the private zoo. "Let us have one good Zoo for scientific and educational purposes, and abolish all the others," she pleaded.

The Fellowship of Faithful Friends, which organised this discussion, has a Juvenile Branch; some of its rules are:

I will never ill-treat or neglect anything depending on me for kindness and protection.

I will do all I can for any animal I find unhappy, hungry, thirsty, or kept indoors all day.

I will learn what makes animals miserable, such as being made to do things they cannot understand, and stop this happening whenever I can.

For further information about this Fellowship C.N. readers should write to Miss Helen Trevelyan, 18 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3. The membership fee is a shilling a year.

The Great Heart of the World

We hear a good deal in these days about the differences of class, nation, and race that divide people.

It was a magnificent experience to feel the great heart of the world beat as one the other evening at the Albert Hall, where authors, artists, scientists, and scholars of many lands assembled to plead the cause of the 4000 Basque children within our shores. The object of the meeting was to raise money for these children, for the Committee for Spanish Relief, 53, Marsham Street, Westminster, must find £2000 a week for their keep.

The collection opened with a cheque for £65 from the Artist's International in Paris. This gave the audience the idea of sending their money up with a few words scrawled on their programmes as to their country or calling.

It looked like any ordinary London audience. It was thrilling to learn how it was composed: actors, architects, art-students, barristers, booksellers, doctors, engineers, film-technicians, journalists, solicitors, tram-men, unemployed.

The platform was flooded with the currency of many lands. They took in £1500, enough to keep the children five days and a few hours.

Some people added lively comments to their donations. We liked one which said: "£5 from an Italian, without the permission of Mussolini."

SPENDING THE CARNEGIE MILLIONS

The Wonderful Work That Is Always Changing

IT was Mr Carnegie's idea that new needs are constantly arising as the masses advance, and this characteristic saying of his frequently comes to mind as we read the new Report of his United Kingdom Trust.

It is the watchword of Lord Elgin and his colleagues, who, with the aid of the best available advice and *in a spirit of adventure*, are trying year by year not only to determine new needs but also to decide through what agencies and by what method they may best be met.

It is one of the chief merits of this famous Trust that it is willing to test, to amend, to modify, and if need be to abandon any scheme on which it has set its seal. Some of its activities have been closed down for the best of all reasons—because it has shown a community that it pays to do them for itself at its own cost. The Municipal Library is an example, and there is every hope that the Government will take over through voluntary agencies such movements as the Physical Training, Playing Fields, and Community Centre Movements which the Trustees have promoted and fostered in the past.

New Social Experiments

The funds thus relieved are being and will be used for new educational and social experiments, and this Report reviews the fields now being covered.

Ten years ago the Trustees asked Sir Henry Miers to visit the public museums of the British Isles. Sir Henry declared that the chief function of museums was to instruct and to inspire with a desire for knowledge children and adults alike; and to stimulate not only a keener appreciation of past history and present activities, but also a clearer vision of the future. They should interest the ordinary visitor, and be for the specialist and the student a fruitful field

for research. With this ideal small grants were made by the Carnegie Trustees to the rate-supported museums of a dozen towns, ranging from Buxton to Luton in size, and so good were the results that voluntary and county museums now receive help, £15,000 being allotted for the present five-year period. The money is being spent on suitable show-cases, proper lighting and labelling, and the storage of duplicate specimens. The Director of the Perth Museum has reported how a constant change of specimens in the cases keeps alive the interest of the public, and how the opening during the evening and on Sunday afternoons has raised the attendance total to 132,000, about four visits a year for every inhabitant.

Travelling Museums

A new feature of this branch is assistance to the county authorities of Derbyshire and Leicestershire in starting Circulating Museums.

As in the case of the towns, the long connection of the Trust with the County Libraries is ending, but a grant of £30,000 is being made toward the establishment of libraries in new housing areas, and in the linking of small Municipal Libraries to the County schemes. The National Central Library scheme is being well supported, 500,000 books being brought into the pool last year, bringing the total up to 6,500,000, an amazing wealth of serious literature from which any student can obtain books for home reading.

The C.N. has already paid tribute during the year to the work done by the Trust for Land Settlement, Village Halls, Amateur Music Societies and similar organisations, and it is heartening to see all these activities brought together in one book and to realise that the Trust spent £126,000 on them in 1936.

THE BEST OLD FRIEND OF MAN We Must Call on the Worm To Help Us

SIR ALBERT HOWARD, after his long experience of agriculture in India as well as at home, declares that in our national campaign for the restoration of fertility to our soil we must depend largely on the cooperation of the worm.

We must plough in old pasture in the autumn before the weather gets too cold, he says, so that the worms may still be active enough to incorporate the material and prepare rich soil for the following season's grass crop. During twenty years of this practice in India, he says, the pasture was so good that his cattle experienced not one case of infectious disease, a wonderful record in that land of scourges.

How this testimony would have delighted Darwin, who first revealed to us the priceless value of the worm, the world's first ploughman and cultivator of the soil. Proceeding from the point at which he left off, we have learned much since he wrote his classic. He thought it marvellous that there should be as many as 50,000 worms to an acre; but at Rothamsted they find that, whereas in poor land there may be as many as half a million worms to the acre, on good richly fed land the worms number 1,750,000 to the acre.

We all know in a general way that worms have saved us many national monuments by burying them in soil to await the chance spade of the excavator,

but who remembers that they saved an entire Roman city for us?

The site of the ancient capital of the Cornovii in Shropshire was lost, and with it the remains of the Roman city of Uriconium, into which the British city was known to have evolved; but on a stretch of undulating land near the Wrekin it was noted that in some parts crops grew early and with special luxuriance, so digging was begun to solve the problem.

Beneath the soil were found the remains of the lost city, Wroxeter, as we now call it, the Uriconium of the Britons, the Uriconium of the Romans. The city was destroyed by the Saxons in the fifth century, and worms were the merciful sextons. They hid the relics of a tragedy whose secret was buried for 1500 years, for down in the foundations, among the cellars in which the Romans had made the furnaces for heating their villas, were found the skeletons of the inhabitants who fell before the Saxons on the last day of life in the ancient city.

In places the worms had raised the soil 40 inches above the ruins; over all was their winding-sheet, and that alone had for all those centuries preserved for our own age the remains of a city which, if left exposed, would have been a quarry from which anyone would have carried off stones so that the city would ultimately have been lost to knowledge.

PETER SCOTT AND HIS PICTURES

Barrie's Godson

While Barrie was going home to rest in Kirriemuir among his own folk, people in London were visiting an exhibition of birds by a young artist named Peter Scott, godson of the author of Peter Pan, and son of Captain Scott.

It was to Barrie that Captain Scott wrote his last word in that tragic tent of death on the Antarctic ice-sheet 25 years ago. The heroic explorer desired that his son should be made an open-air boy, encouraged to hardihood and endeavour.

"As a dying man (he wrote to Barrie), I appeal to you to be good to my child. Give him a chance in life if the State won't do it. He ought to have good stuff in him."

It has been noted that in the young artist's pictures, which are remarkable for their fidelity to life, there is no gun, no suggestion of hunting or cruelty—just birds as they are in safe sanctuary.

A Man of Mercy

In that the father lives again in the son. For all his majestic endurance and lofty courage, Scott was a man of tenderest sympathies, and hated cruelty in every form.

During the great Antarctic expedition which preceded his arrival at the South Pole, and the march to doom which followed, there was only one cause of difference between Scott and his men. Captain Armitage, navigator of the Discovery, a man who had roughed it for three years in the Arctic, wanted to kill a great number of seals for the winter food of Scott's Antarctic party.

Scott could not bring himself to consent; only the barest minimum, he said, must be sacrificed; men were not to succeed at what seemed to him the unnecessary suffering of other creatures. Captain Armitage holds that the scurvy which afterwards attacked the ill-fed explorers resulted from that act of self-denial, but Scott insisted on mercy even to seals.

For Peter Scott a man once travelled 18,000 miles. A friend of the family, when Peter was two years old, took a film of him (made by Lady Scott) to show to his father, then wintering with his men in the solitudes of Victoria Land in the Antarctic.

A Magnificent Statue

It was Peter Scott's mother who carved the magnificent statue of the explorer which faces that of Sir John Franklin in Waterloo Place, London, and it is her artistic faculty which has made him a painter.

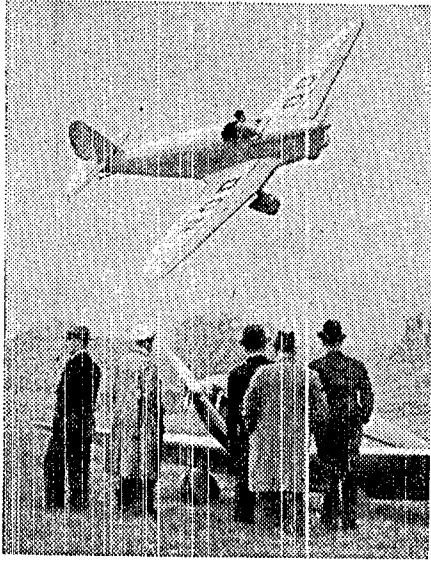
Peter Scott's remarkable pictures of English sea-birds in flight are one of the great successes of our time. When two of them made their appearance at the Royal Academy a few years ago they were at once acclaimed as the work of a new and original painter of bird life.

They were more than faithful studies of the plumage and flight of the birds who visit our island shores and make more beautiful the Broads and the sea marshes. They had a patterned beauty of their own which is not unlike that of Japanese art, but which was as English in feeling as Peter Scott himself.

Cook

Some of the older boys of Quarry Mount Council School at Leeds are attending cookery classes.

It happened that there were two vacant periods in the school's cookery centre, and the headmaster had the brilliant idea of sending boys to take a course in making and serving meals. The lads are keen to go, and after inquiry it has been found that a surprising number of boys have to help to get meals ready at home.



Testing a New Baby Plane

A BOY AND AN EAGLE

Constantine Varaticeanu, a Boy Scout of 16, has received a medal from the King of Rumania.

Constantine has to watch his father's sheep, and of late has more than once been in trouble for losing one or two of his flock. The boy determined to find the thief, and, going off for four days, he waited and watched till the thief appeared. He saw an eagle swoop down on the flock and choose a lamb, and as the bird was rising with it in its huge talons Constantine flung himself over it, trussing it up in spite of its frantic efforts and the injuries it inflicted on him.

News of his victory brought congratulations from Scouts all over Rumania, and with them a summons to Bucharest, where the king pinned a medal on Constantine's tunic.

WAIT TILL THE TRAIN STOPS

Through not waiting for the train to stop seven railway passengers were killed and 1697 injured last year, a fact which curiously compares with the casualties from accidents to trains, which were only three killed and 497 injured.

BETTER THAN RUBIES

Rubies, garnets, and other gems have long been used by watchmakers and makers of delicate instruments for bearings.

So successful have some of the new synthetic resins been found for this purpose that precious stones are now likely to be superseded. Bearings for the shafts of heavy machinery can likewise be made of these man-made resins, and they possess the great advantage that oil is no longer needed for lubricating the machinery, but water can be used instead. Lubricating oil is one of the heavy charges in connection with much machinery, and the use of water in its place would offer great advantages.

HAY GOING BEGGING

A wonderful hay crop is ready for harvest in most parts of the country, but there is a shortage of labour to deal with it.

A curious position has arisen in places near London. Owing to the decreasing number of horses the call for hay has fallen and much hay goes uncut because no one wants it. We know of more than one field of which no one will take the grass free of charge.

TWO CHAPELS

Two grey stone chapels in Surrey have been rescued from further ruin, both on the Pilgrims Way, along which hundreds of hikers walk every year. The first to be finished is the 600-year-old St Catherine's Chapel on a hill outside Guildford, whose Corporation has spent nearly £400 on restoring the stonework.

The other chapel is in Westhumble Lane near Dorking, and is a 13th century building covered with ivy. The site was in danger from the builders, but now the chapel is to be excavated, and the plot round it laid out as a garden.

Where is the Garden of England?

THE people of Kent hear with surprise at times that other parts of the country are called, by the enthusiasm of local patriotism, the Garden of England.

They keep their swords sheathed when the Vale of Evesham is named, when parts of Hampshire, where the earliest strawberries come from, are mentioned with an eye to the proud title; they marvel when the Fylde of Lancashire is declared to be England's great garden.

But Kent people know that there is but one rightful claimant to the name,

and a meeting of Chartered Surveyors at Folkestone has been reminding us of some figures which seem to settle the matter.

Apart from the hop gardens, which cover over 18,000 acres, Kent has nearly 43,000 acres of orchards (the entire country has only 203,000 acres). It has over 28,000 acres of the country's 104,000 devoted to fruits, besides 10,621 acres of cherries, more than twice the area of the cherry orchards in all the rest of England and Wales. Certainly Kent is the land for cherry ripe.

A SEAPORT GROWS UP

Seaports, like young people, are all the time growing up.

Auckland, the largest seaport city of New Zealand, is planning to spend over a million pounds in the next ten years in order to provide better wharves for the great fleet of overseas vessels that make Auckland a port of call.

Less than a hundred years ago there were no wharves in New Zealand. Until 1841 the site of Auckland was uninhabited except for a few Maoris.

MUSSOLINI'S FAMILY TREE

Signor Mussolini is proud of having sprung from the people, and he may also be proud of his name.

It is a very ancient one. Centuries ago the East sent to the West muslins from Mosul, which gave its name to these fine linens. The Eastern traders brought the muslins to the Mediterranean, and Italian shippers brought them to Europe.

These shippers were called mussolinis, carriers of muslins from Mosul. They brought wealth to Italy, and in course of time gave his name to the Duce.

KNIVES AND FORKS

What is probably the biggest and finest collection of cutlery in the world has been opened to the public in the new museum at Sheffield, the centre of the British cutlery trade.

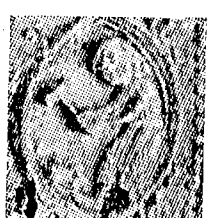
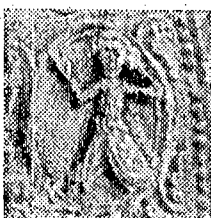
Besides British goods there are beautifully decorated specimens from Holland, France, Germany, and Italy, some as old as the 16th century, and knives are shown from every country. The collection of pocket-knives would make any schoolboy envious.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

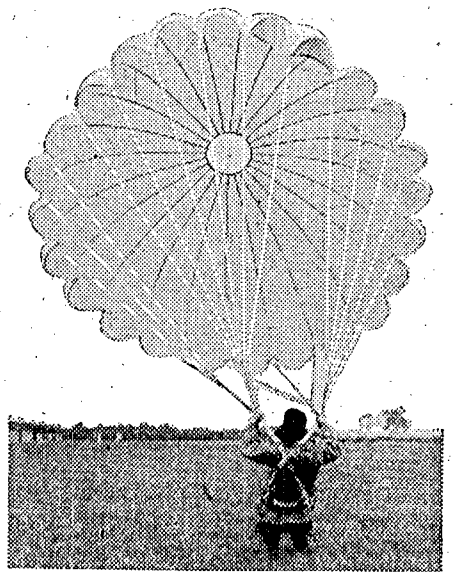
When 43 children passed into the higher grade school at Kolding, in Denmark, not long ago, all but three wished to learn English.

It seems that in Czecho-Slovakia also there is the same eagerness to master our language in preference to any other except their own. Many of the children in schools are learning German for business purposes, but many are learning English in their spare time, and parents are clamouring for English to be taught in all the schools.

The Queer Processions on Our Ancient Walls



FROM THE DOORWAY OF BARFRETON CHURCH IN KENT



A Parachute Like a Giant Flower

THE CAMP SCHOOL

Nelson in Lancashire is pioneering the way for the camp school.

The first of its kind, the school is to be about five miles from the town, its 23 acres being at Whitehough in the Pendle Valley. Expected to cost nearly £6000, it is an experiment in which the Board of Education is intensely interested, and should it prove a success it is likely that similar schools will spring up in other places in this country.

The idea is that the school shall provide for the teaching of the usual school subjects to children who will visit it for a fortnight at a time. In addition to the ordinary lessons they will receive intensive physical training, and will also have opportunities for natural history lessons. The school will accommodate about 40 children.

BILBAO'S IRON ORE

The fall of Bilbao to the Spanish rebels has aroused some fears about our important purchases of Spanish iron ore, but there is no cause for alarm.

Our total imports of iron ore last year were valued at over £5,000,000 and those from Spain at nearly £1,000,000.

PICTURES ON WHEELS

The LMS Railway last November constructed a Mobile Film Unit and sent it to lonely stations and goods depots. Instructional films of all sorts were shown to the staffs.

As it has been a great success the railway has now set about another outfit, which is to be ready this autumn. There is a special coach 65 feet long, on 12 wheels, weighing 39 tons. It has a theatre with seating for 52 people, and the projection-box is fireproof. The power to work the projection-box is generated by a Diesel engine set up in the coach itself.

THE LIFEBELT FOR THE FLYING BOAT

Imperial Airways are now fitting to their giant four-engined Empire flying boats a new kind of cushion which may be used as a lifebelt. It is claimed that for simplicity, lightness, and efficiency these cushions have no equal; within ten seconds of an alarm being given they can be converted into lifebelts to keep anyone afloat for hours.

UPS AND DOWNS

Things are dearer than at this time last year; fully 21s is now needed to buy what 20s bought early in 1936.

This pulls down real wages—what money wages can buy. It means that those workers who have not recently received an increase in money wages have suffered a real decline.

The increases in wages known to the Ministry of Labour as having occurred this year affect over three million workers, who are getting £367,000 more a week between them. This is about 2s a week for each worker, and probably meets the increased cost of living.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 10

1937



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Always Young

ONE very reasonable ambition we can all set before us in youth, and that is to resolve not to grow old.

There is an anecdote of the well-known American Chauncey Depew which is worth remembering. He was called upon on his ninetieth birthday by a newspaper man, who asked how it felt to be ninety years of age. Said Mr Depew, in a surprised tone, "But I am not ninety!" The journalist replied, "Surely, sir, you were born in 1834?" "Ah," said Mr Depew, "I see, young man! You are one of those who measure by years. *There is nothing in it!*"

Indeed, as was pointed out by Dr Murray Butler, in an address at Columbia University, a host of men have demonstrated how youth can survive the years. Plato died serenely, pen in hand, in his 81st year, after a long life spent amid pure and refining pursuits. To the statement that old age withdraws us from active pursuits Cicero replied, "From what pursuits? Is it not only from those which are followed because of youth and physical vigour? Are there no intellectual employments in which men of many years may engage?"

That great Pope, Leo the Thirteenth, died in full mental vigour at 93, and when he was 81 wrote a famous encyclical on the condition of the working classes which held the whole world's attention. Mr Gladstone, who began life as the rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories, grew more youthful with each passing year, became the leader of the Liberals, was still Prime Minister at 85, and passed on at 89.

Bismarck, builder of the modern German nation, lived to be 83, and was still in the highest public office at 75.

Cardinal Newman, who was old enough to write *Lead, Kindly Light* at 32, was still young enough to write *The Idea of a University* at 72.

The world's best work is now being done, and has always been done, by men of youthful and progressive minds, no matter how many years have passed over their heads. The quality of youthfulness, of eager pursuit of wise progress, is the same in all.

Simplicity of life, care of the body, exercise of the mind to gain wisdom and understanding—these are the prescription for lasting youth.

The Empty Pedestal

EVERYBODY will be delighted to know that the King, in conferring the Order of Merit on the Chief Scout, handed it to Lord Baden-Powell in his own room, instead of on a more formal occasion, so that he could say how pleased he was with the good work of the Scouts all over the Empire.

The King has given B-P the highest honour in his power to bestow; it remains now for the nation to seat him on horseback on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square.

All Welcome

ON the door of Filey church we may read this notice:

Ladies without hats may enter if they wish to do so.

It is explained that many lady visitors to this Yorkshire holiday town miss seeing the church because they happen to be without hats. As the vicar does not wish to turn anyone away he has issued this unusual invitation. He also adds that photographs may be taken without special permission.

The Navy's Dishcloth

Is the Admiralty beginning to economise?

The stern rejection of a humble request by the Lower Deck that messes should be allowed two dishcloths instead of one seems a trifle parsimonious when we remember that the Naval Estimates come to £108,000,000.

We do not ask the Admiralty to sacrifice an entire battleship to give the seaman an extra wipe, but we do suggest that it is sometimes easier to die for one's country than to live in the discomfort of petty annoyances.

Brainless People at the Wheel

WHERE do these road hogs leave their manners?

We came upon two of them in two minutes the other day, both mannerless, and one a danger to life.

The first, with all the road free, pulled up for a basket of strawberries in front of a car ready to leave a drive. The second, having in front of him an arterial road with only four vehicles in sight (two standing) chose for overtaking the moment when the four were abreast across the road.

An hour or two later, in London, we met two cars entering the Thames Embankment together by a non-entry street.

Is it surprising that so many people are killed, with so many brainless people driving cars?

Joy Cometh in the Morning

Heaviness may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.

The Psalms

The Absentee

A PARSON of whom we heard the other day was on holiday in the West Country when he called on the barber in a little town. The conversation turned on attendance at church or chapel. "To which do you go?" asked the clergyman.

"Well, sir," the barber replied, "I can't really say I go to either, but it's church I stay away from."

Lost Days

FOR a workman to lose a day means losing a day's income. To the nation it means losing a fraction of the nation's wealth.

In 1936 as many as 1,829,000 working days were lost in this country through 818 trade disputes, the number of workmen involved being 322,400.

Tip-Cat

LONG ago householders put down rushes. Didn't have to be at their offices by nine o'clock.

THERE are lots of cafés on the roads now. Motorists often run into them.

IN the Stone Age tradesmen must have sent in heavy bills.

SOME woods used in furniture, says someone, creak as if they were laughing. Oak beams.

Peter Puck
Wants To
Know

If the Silver-
smith is a
sterling fellow



UNDERGRADUATES are learning folk-dancing. They will skip a few lessons.

THE mayor of a north-country town used to clean buses. Eventually he got on.

SOME detective story writers have no sense of fairness, says a speaker. Prefer to keep things dark.

CANARIES understand more than some people think. They can easily do that.

MANY London girls go in for singing. It would annoy the neighbours if they did it in the garden.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY promises to provide the precious metals needed for Guildford's new cathedral.

WAR cripples are to have free passes on Southend's buses and trams.

JUST AN IDEA

How are we to expect nations to conquer the passions and hatreds that lead to war unless first of all we conquer them in our own hearts?

Things Said by Sir J. M. Barrie

Barrie's voice is still, but some of the things he said will live. Here are a few.

LIFE is a long lesson in humility.

There is a crown for us all somewhere.

It's grand, and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable.

Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes.

To die would be an awfully big adventure.

When the first baby laughed for the first time his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies.

What is genius? It is the power to be a boy again at will.

The gates of heaven are always standing open to let children wander in.

The printing press is either the greatest blessing or the greatest curse of modern times, one sometimes forgets which.

As soon as you can say what you think, and not what some other person has thought for you, you are on the way to being a remarkable man.

One day there was a horse show on the Glasgow Academicals Ground, and I patronised it and lost a penny on the ground. I went back at night, climbed the palings, and searched for my penny. I found threepence. No wonder I have a friendly feeling for Glasgow.

What is Happening To the Chimney?

Is the chimney to disappear from the modern house?

More and more all-electric houses, or houses combining the use of gas and electricity for lighting and heating, are being erected. This is thought to make chimneys unnecessary, but it is forgotten that without this flue an important means of ventilation is lost.

This is of special importance when gas is used. The products of gas combustion are poisons, and no one should use gas without a flue.

Even when electricity is used, and no fumes created, it is well to provide a proper ventilator that cannot be shut. A well-known physician thinks the building by-laws should be revised to make compulsory for every living or sleeping room an air-duct from near the floor to the roof.

A Prayer For Beauty

O God, whose prophets have told us that we are created in Thine image, help us to learn also that all beautiful things are made after the image of Thine own beauty; so that, loving all the graceful creatures of field and forest, moor and river, we may ourselves grow in both understanding and goodness. Teach us how to increase the joy of the world by creating things that are beautiful; and may we not live to be useless, but be happy in the service of our fellows in work and play.

Amen

RUSSIA OPENS A NEW GATE FOR THE WORLD

Conquest of the Arctic's Icy Stronghold

THE North Pole has hauled down its colours and surrendered. This region of mystery and terror has become the site of a snug little home, where four scientists can examine it at leisure, and make a pleasure of the toil.

There they dwell on the top of the world—or on the bottom, according to the way we look at it; but whichever way they look out of the door or windows of their hut they look south. That is a consequence of being at the geographical point which is named the North Pole, though, because their hut stands on an ice-floe of the Polar Ocean, which is always drifting, it has moved miles from its first position.

But it will never float far from the romance of the North Pole, which, with the establishment of this Russian hut, where men toil through the long Polar hours at their observations of the winds above the icy ocean and the waters below it, begins a new chapter.

The old romance of the North Pole was the difficulty and danger of getting there. For years mounting to centuries brave adventurous men strove to reach it as if their lives depended on it.

What is this North Pole which for so many years daring men have

lavished their lives, their health, their treasure to reach? and what is the Polar region surrounding it?

The North Pole is a geographical point where if a man stood he would look in every way south, yet would have no means of telling that he stood there except by observations of the sun overhead. It is a point always moving slowly in an irregular 30-foot circle as the axis of the earth moves, owing to some inequality in the globe's spin. An instrument at Greenwich Observatory registers this slow movement. There is another movement at the Pole which arises from the continual drift of the Polar ice, so that if the Pole were marked on the ice today it would be hundreds of yards wrong next week.

The Arctic Ocean, or Polar Sea, surrounding the Pole has an area of over five million square miles. Europe has rather more than three million square miles. The Arctic Ocean is the fourth largest ocean in the world, five times the size of the Mediterranean, and more centrally placed when we consider the land masses round it.

The rim of its basin is below water, frozen or otherwise, and the shelf



Professor Otto Schmidt, leader of the Soviet Arctic expedition, with two of the Polar flying men at Archangel

formed by the lands round the ocean varies from 40 miles in width off Point Barrow in Alaska to more than 350 miles off the northern coast of Siberia. There is a gap in the rim of the basin between Greenland and Spitsbergen, where deep waters extend almost to the Faroe Islands.

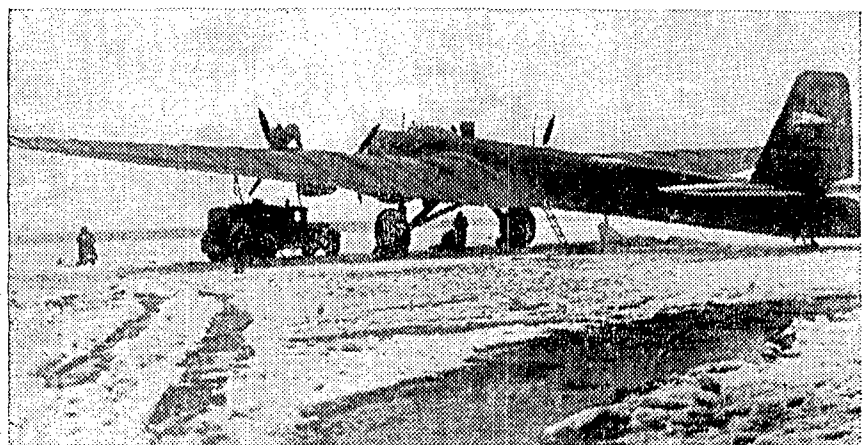
Nearly the whole surface of this sea is generally covered with floating ice, known as pack ice, and most of it is in continual motion. Wind is the chief motive power to cause its drift, driving the ice first in one direction and then in another, but nearly always in one principal direction. Nansen sought to

make use of this drift in the Fram, which entered the pack near the New Siberian islands, and left it three years later to the north of Spitsbergen. The general tendency of the drift was, as he so intrepidly predicted, from east to west, but during the voyage the Fram was carried to every point of the compass by tides and currents. The drift may be as much as 70 miles a day; it may for a month stop altogether.

The drift has two effects: crumpling the edges of the floes, big and little, into ridges, or forming spaces of open water between the floes. On this vast



The Russian icebreaker Sibiriakov in Arctic waters



The plane which took the four men to the North Pole



Dog teams which took the early explorers across the Arctic

The Opening Up of the North Pole

area of moving ice are ridges and hummocks and ice fields with long irregular channels of open water, merging sometimes into lakes whose boundaries can only be seen in clear weather. According to Sir Hubert Wilkins, who nearly lost his life after landing from an aeroplane amid these Arctic wastes, nine-tenths of the pack-ice surface is too rough for safe landings by airmen.

Countries Round the Arctic Ocean

RIVERS from eight million square miles of land drain into the Arctic Ocean, round which are many islands and archipelagos, and the mainlands of northern Europe, Asia, and America. Norway, Finland, Russia, the United States, Canada, and Denmark have land on the rim. Denmark owns Greenland, the largest island in the world, coming in size only after the continents, and being ten times bigger than Great Britain. Arctic Asia (Siberia) is by far the largest sector of land on the rim of the Arctic basin, extending for 3000 miles from Bering Strait to Russia in Europe. North of this shelf, and beyond it, are the string of islands, or archipelagos, locked in the frozen seas most of the year, with a breathing space of about three months' summer, when there is open water about them.

In the Western hemisphere are the 1200-miles Canadian Archipelago, including the Parry Archipelago, separated by over 1000 miles of frozen sea from Wrangel Island, as well as Ellesmere Land, the most northerly station of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and smaller islands.

These lands and islands comprise all that are known to exist in the Arctic basin, though some explorers have reported the existence of lands actually in the midst of the frozen ocean. If they were found they would be of the utmost service to planes attempting the trans-oceanic flight; but no confirmation has come from the pilot of any aeroplane over the region, so that regular flights will have to be organised without such happy landing grounds.

An Enormous Field For Exploration

THE biggest unexplored surfaces of the world are in the Polar regions. The Twentieth Century has reached a new stage in exploration, consolidating the gains of the pioneers. Great Britain has chiefly attacked the Antarctic, and there was a gap of some years when no Englishman entered the Arctic and only one Scotsman went as far north as Spitsbergen. But since the war young Oxford and Cambridge men entered the field so long left to the Danish explorers, whose work was chiefly concentrated on Greenland. The Russians are the last to enter the field, and they are fast making up lost time by their tremendous energy.

The 19th century was the great period of the English assault on the Arctic, and their chief rivals were the Americans. Such names as Nares, Markham, Greely, and Lockwood are bracketed together on the roll of Polar fame. But the outstanding name is that of Sir John Franklin, of whom

Tennyson wrote in the lines on his cenotaph in Westminster Abbey:

*Not here! The white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage
now
Toward no earthly pole.*

While he was still a naval commander adventures had crowded thick on young John Franklin, who had been at the Battle of Trafalgar, had sailed to Spitsbergen, and led an expedition to explore the Arctic coast of America. He and his party endured many

privations and great danger, but the reward of having crossed 5500 miles of land and water inspired him with the restless desire to find the North-West Passage between Greenland and Asia.

He applied for the commission, and the First Lord of the Admiralty objected that he was 60. "No, no, sir," said Franklin, "only 59." And this dauntless man was appointed to command the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which sailed in 1845, and were the first ships to enter the Arctic Circle under steam.

Nine weeks after leaving England the two ships were sighted by whalers in Melville Bay on the west coast of Greenland.

Then for three years was silence. Sir John and his crews of 134 officers and men were never seen alive again except by Eskimos. Expedition after expedition, 39 in all, was sent out to find them, fighting their way through snow and ice in vain. Five years after their disappearance an Eskimo woman, drawing pictures on the sand, showed where the *Erebus* and *Terror* had wintered at Beechey Island. They were imprisoned in the ice and drifted slowly away till, in 1848, they had to be abandoned.

Buried in a cairn, a scrap of paper was found saying that Sir John Franklin had died in 1847. Officers and men numbering 105 had apparently set out to reach a fort on Hudson Bay,

but none ever reached it. They dropped on the ice, famished, poisoned by their tinned food, and left nothing to tell of their fate but their skeletons. The dreadful picture of their sufferings, as it was made clear, left an indelible stamp on the mind of the dangers and terror of the Polar regions.

It has hardly faded even now, in the light of more successful endeavours, and we may sorrowfully remember that even in the present century 75 men and one woman have lost their lives in the Arctic.

Nansen's Attempt to Drift With the Sea

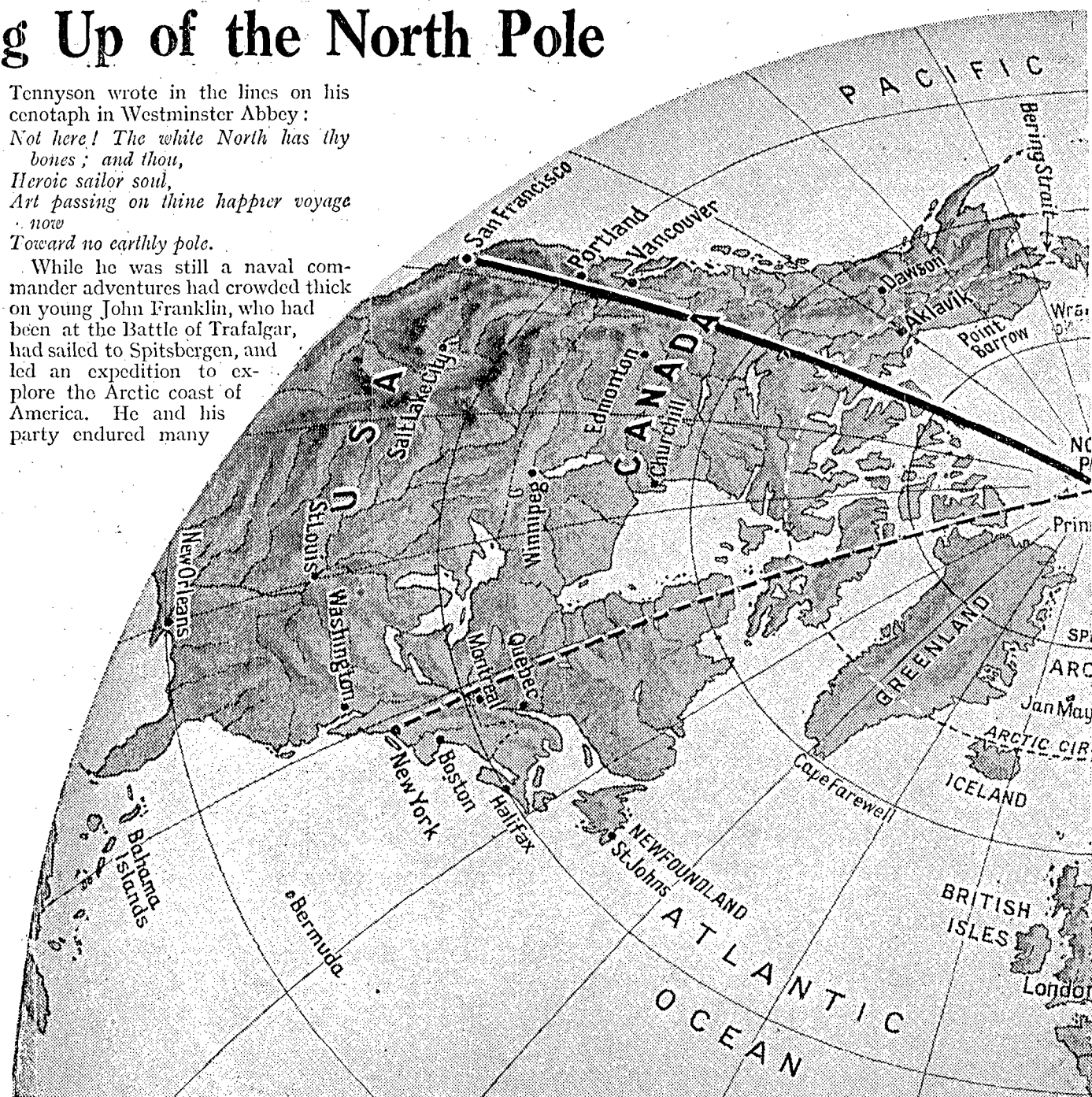
NEVER will history forget the story of Sir John Franklin and his men, all lost. It was part of man's unending search for the unknown. Some gave the lives they risked; they perished in the snow and ice, they died of starvation, and their bones were never more seen. Only their names went down on the roll of those the Pole claimed when they had failed to subdue it. Some tried over and over again, attempting now in one way and now in another to find a path through its defences and probe the secret of the silent places. Fridtjof Nansen, after long study, attempted the feat of drifting with the ice to the Pole in his ship *Fram*, crossing thus the ocean surrounding it. His plans were laid well, none better,

but even his genius failed. He stopped at the 86th parallel, and all the world's Arctic explorers breathed a sigh of relief, not because of his failure, but because he had left them a chance to succeed where he had failed. The 86th parallel is nearly 400 miles short of the goal. In the closing years of the 19th century they seemed as impassable a barrier as ever.

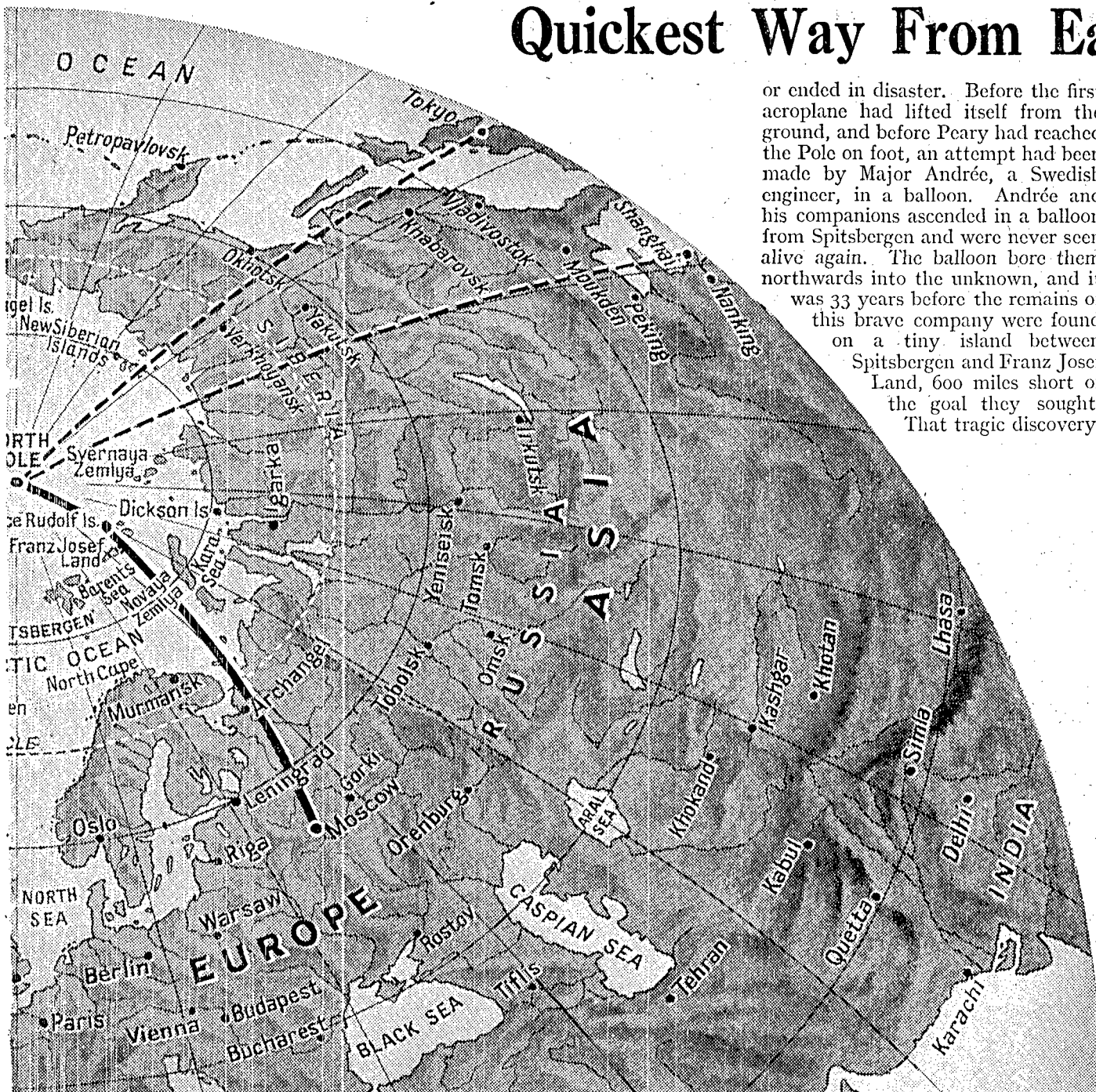
Then came the man who tried and failed and tried again for 15 years, Robert Peary. The tale of his long strivings, and of his final triumph, sums up what men endured and fought for in the unnumbered efforts to reach the Pole. Till the other day he was the only man who had stood at the Pole; he remains the only man who ever reached it on foot. We remember what he said of his last journey.

Some feelings, he wrote, are not to be expressed in words, meaning such feelings as those he had when his little black ship *Roosevelt* cast her mooring lines on to the ice foot of Cape Sheridan, within striking distance of the Pole. That hopeful moment struck deeper into his heart and memory than when, many days later, he was actually at the goal, and was almost too dazed to realise the struggle was over.

He speaks of the difficulties and hardships when a big gap of open water opens out in the ice to bar the way. It might as easily open out under



Quickest Way From East To West



or ended in disaster. Before the first aeroplane had lifted itself from the ground, and before Peary had reached the Pole on foot, an attempt had been made by Major Andrée, a Swedish engineer, in a balloon. Andrée and his companions ascended in a balloon from Spitsbergen and were never seen alive again. The balloon bore them northwards into the unknown, and it was 33 years before the remains of this brave company were found on a tiny island between Spitsbergen and Franz Josef Land, 600 miles short of the goal they sought. That tragic discovery,

they got one of the planes up and returned to safety. They had got within 130 miles of the Pole, but, except for Peary's brief visit, it was still unseen and unknown.

The next year Amundsen and Ellsworth made a second attempt with an Italian airship. They sailed it successfully over the Pole from King's Bay, Spitsbergen, to Point Barrow in Alaska. The sun shone on their passage. Below them glittered the monotonous white snow-field of the sea, with the black cracks of open water. Fogs rolled away from under them. No sign of life appeared except once—a polar bear. The great moment came when they had been sailing 16 hours. The fog cleared away. There was no wind. The sun was overhead. The navigator set his sextant on the correct height and angles and suddenly announced, *Here we are*, as the sun's image covered the sextant bubble. *They were over the North Pole.*

Looking Down on the Pole From an Airship

THE great moment came and went, and the airship turned southward to cross the world's biggest unexplored area. What had the explorers seen? Nothing except the same glittering surface rent by wind and tide; and there was nothing more to see till an Arctic storm of fog, wind, and sleet burst on them, and for a day and a half they battled against it before they were safe and in sight of Alaska.

Such is the only picture of the North Pole as men have seen it, after exhausting every atom of courage, fortitude, and hardihood to come within sight of it. The picture it presents from these and numberless other efforts is of an icy fastness, more inaccessible, more inhospitable, than Mount Everest.

Now look on the companion picture, the conquest of the Polar regions as it presents itself to the Russian scientific expedition which has set up its station on an ice-floe near the Pole. We say near it rather than at it, because, owing to the continual drift from west to east of the Polar Sea, a hut stationed exactly on the geographical area of the Pole today may be miles away next week.

The Cosy Hut of the Russian Scientists

THE hut is so made that it can be dismantled and carried to a nearby place on sledges. It is unsinkable, so that even if a gap of water in the ice should open up beneath it no great damage would be done. It is as cosy as reindeer skins and waterproofed cushions and oil stoves can make it. Through its thick glass windows the four scientists who are to make it their home for a year can look on the Polar storms which besiege them with indifference.

They will receive supplies from planes assigned to the service of the expedition, and operating from a base on Prince Rudolf Island 550 miles away. The principal plane will always remain there and be on call. Wireless, electric light, aerial transport are all to be at the service of this scientific home at the Pole. Peary stopped a

the feet or the snow hut of the toiling traveller, who has to climb rather than walk his way over rugged and mountainous ice, where he may be met by terrific gales beating against him like the impact of a wall of water, and where he is often frozen to the marrow by the intense cold, 60 below zero. He staggers on by day; by night he crouches in the hut he has made of blocks of frozen snow, hardly hoping for warmth or sleep, and always fearing to eat enough to keep body and soul together lest his carefully calculated rations should run short. It is so cold that he can hardly see his sledge dogs through the fog made by their breath.

Peary First at the North Pole

ON and on, and at last he is within 200 miles of the Pole, then 100, then 50, then at last he is there. Peary wrote that the scene that met his eyes was so simple and commonplace, the ice-fields absolutely dead level with a straight line for the horizon, that it seemed impossible that he was there. Reading his words, we can almost realise how flat the triumph fell. A hummock he found there might mark the Pole, or it might not. Henson, his coloured servant, stood on it with his Eskimo companions, and Peary photographed them with flags in their hands.

A clear blue sky had welcomed him, but the sun went in when he wanted to make exact determination of the spot, and so, having tramped hither and thither to make sure he had really walked over the Pole, he left a bottle with a written statement in it, and then turned back. That was all. No glory was in the air, though it was there inside him to warm his heart.

That was Peary's glimpse of the Pole in 1909; and nobody else was to see it for many years. It was such a wonderful feat, such a staggering success after so many failures, that more than twenty years after some of his critics denied that he ever got there. The Royal Geographical Society, which awarded him its gold medal, thought otherwise, and it may be, now that the world is changed, and his feat is submerged in a greater marvel, that the doubts will disappear.

The thing that changed the world, annihilating its distances and the mystery of its secret places, was the coming of the flying machine. Soon the explorers and the flying men began to want to test the new power placed in their hands. Gone was the need for heart-breaking and dangerous travel on the ice. They would fly above it.

But the Pole, and its ally the Arctic Ocean, still had weapons and surprises in store; and more than one attempt to reach the Pole by air was a failure

which also brought back Andrée's diary, was made five years after the first organised attempt to reach the Pole by plane. This was undertaken by Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth, the young American who so much more recently flew over the Antarctic continent at the other end of the world. They went up in two seaplanes from King's Bay, Spitsbergen, on May 21, 1925, a day of brilliant summer weather. For eight hours the roar of their motors, taking the machines along at 75 miles an hour, broke the silence of ages. They should have then been at the Pole, but the north-east wind had edged them away and when they came down to find where they were it was on broken ice-floes. The only sign of life in that place of icy desolation was a seal, which popped its head from the water beside Ellsworth's plane.

Amundsen and Ellsworth on the Ice-Cap

AMUNDSEN's plane was at that time nowhere to be seen. They were in dire straits, and remained so for five days till the Arctic drift brought the planes closer together. The explorers had to climb over half a mile of hummocks to join hands, and their planes were in a bad state. It seemed that they might have to walk to Greenland, 400 miles away; but at last, after nearly four weeks' striving,

a day and half at the Pole before shuddering away from it; the four Russian scientists hope to stay there a year, and are the advance guard of the Pole's new conquerors.

First signs of this faith in the possibility of life at the Pole appeared a few years ago when Stefansson, the Icelandic Canadian, revolted against the traditions of Polar research and declared that the Arctic was a place to live in. He proved it by living in it for years at a time; but he was an exceptional man. The Russians aim at establishing themselves in the Arctic, not as single spies, but in battalions, and in colonies.

The first step is the hut at the Pole, for when established strongly there the scientific observers can discover what are the regular conditions of wind and temperature of the air, and the movement of the ocean of the Polar basin. Nansen proved that there was a drift from west to east, but nothing is known of its strength, its currents and eddies.

A Sounding Over Two Miles Deep

A SOUNDING has already been made of its depth. Peary made a hurried sounding and failed to find bottom at 3000 yards. One of the first steps of the Russians was to send down the lead, which touched bottom at over two miles, and the thermometer it carried showed the water at a mile's depth to be warmer than at the surface. This might be due to sub-oceanic currents of warmer water coming up from the south like the warmer water of the so-called Gulf Stream, some branches of which are lost in the Arctic Ocean.

These inquiries are made for a future when, winds and currents known, the world's aeroplanes may take a short cut over the Polar basin to and from the Western and Eastern hemispheres, as three Russians did only last month. They also promise an age when ice-breakers of a new kind will crash their way into the Polar sea. But for the most part they are the sign of the determination of Russia to build the foundation of a new land on the northernmost of her Asiatic shores.

The Arctic barrier is separated from the Russian coast, which is the same thing as the whole northern coast of Asia, by the Kara Sea, the



Seal hunters crossing a vast expanse of pack-ice, with open water between the floes

Barents Sea, and other waterways frozen in winter. Russia means to open the waterways in early summer by ice-breakers.

But while that project goes forward, hand in hand with Polar conquest, a new colony is lining the Asiatic shore. There are 57 Polar stations, there are Polar settlements, and Polar towns (one with a permanent population of 30,000). They are linked by air-lines

between themselves and the interior. They are prosperous, busy, and contented, with a life that seems to them as normal as that at the opposite extremity—the life of an Englishman in India. In a single phrase, Russia is bent on making a new dominion, which she may perhaps call the Friendly Arctic.

Professor Otto Schmidt, who is the presiding genius of the Polar adven-

or Khibinsky, which houses the workers in the mining and chemical works of the Kola peninsula, and supplies Russia with phosphates; or Yugor, serving the world's greatest fluor-spar field. Here, as throughout the Russian Arctic, is a gigantic radio tower, and an aerodrome, such as is common not merely to these bigger towns but to Arctic stations scattered like a long string of beads on islands lying in the Arctic Ocean hundreds of miles nearer the Pole.

Arctic Stations Linked by Aeroplane

THE aeroplane links them. Flying services, both passenger and freight, join Tiumen in Western Siberia with the mouth of the Ob river; and span the 1250 miles between Krasnoyarsk and Dudinsk on the Yenesei. Yakutsk is joined with the mouth of the Lena. Cape Schmidt, Siberia's northernmost point, is joined with Wrangel Island, and the network will be completed by an air line joining Archangel with the Bering Sea. The planes bring into use the rivers that hitherto have poured their waters uselessly into the Arctic. They are a more powerful weapon for conquering frozen seas than the new fleet of ice-breakers. Professor Schmidt was the man who steered the ice-breaker Sadko to Franz Josef Land and Rudolf Island for the establishment of the air base from which the North Pole expedition set forth in their planes.

There, on an ice-glazed mountain in the frigid Kara Sea, is the world's Farthest North air base and weather station, and there are stationed the planes which link the world with the lone adventurers in their hut daringly floating on an ice floe near the Pole.

Such achievements as these are spectacular and wonderful. Behind them is a set purpose. The goal is the development of Siberia's Arctic wealth in coal and minerals. But to tap it men must learn to live there.



A hunting camp on the Arctic coast of Siberia



The people who live in the Arctic—Eskimos sheltering under a plane off the coast of Siberia

ture, has told the world something of the 17 years' toil, hardship, and research by Arctic Soviet scientists, of which the latest achievement of flying the Pole is the crown but not the culmination.

The end in view is not the domination of the Pole but the foundation of a new dominion on the borders of the Polar Sea. In this new land of the Arctic are mushroom towns like Igarka on the 67th parallel—with factories, an aerodrome, a technical college, and a theatre—and the northernmost of all;

LONDON'S RIVER FRONT

Seats For Grown-Ups and Sands For Children

For the first time for over 20 years the terrace of London's Custom House, just above Tower Bridge, was opened to the public the other Sunday, and it will continue to open on Sundays for at least a year.

Whether the Office of Works decides to keep it always open after that, and whether the disfiguring huts put up on the terrace during the war are cleared away, depends on whether the public decides that it likes to sit there. The huts at the moment spoil the long 1814 façade of the Custom House and leave of the terrace (where crowds used to come to listen to the Territorials' band) only a narrow strip shaded by trees, with a row of seats proclaiming that they were presented by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, though the public has not been allowed to sit on them for over 20 years.

A Real Promenade

The few who sat there the first open Sunday found it somewhat desolate, and some may have recalled that it was here that the poet Cowper is said to have come to drown himself, but finding the water too low (it was before the Embankment days) lived to write his poems. But we hope enough people will come to the terrace to persuade the authorities that it is worth making into the pleasant place it could be.

There are so few places on London's Thames where we can sit and watch. The pier at Greenwich, which the L.C.C. has made into a real promenade, is the best of them, and we can even get a cup of tea and something to eat as we sit on the terrace overlooking a reach which becomes excitingly busy at high tide, with ships making their way up to lie in the Pool or in the highest of the docks, the smaller vessels manoeuvring on their own, the bigger ones pulled here and there by fussy little tugs.

Below Custom House Terrace, nearer Tower Bridge, is the children's favourite place, for here is the sand beach made for them to play on between high tides by the Tower Hill Improvement Committee, the Committee which persuaded the Office of Works to reopen Custom House Terrace.

Races on the Beach

The very day that saw the terrace, with its deep and rather dangerous water front, open again saw the children on their beach below the grey Tower walls running races, pillow-fighting on a greasy pole, and making the sand fly in a fifteen-minute sand castle competition; for the Committee gave a party that day, and Lord Wakefield, the good uncle of these East End youngsters, found something like three thousand guests when he arrived on the beach.

The grown-ups' terrace at Greenwich and the children's beach by the Tower show what can be done with London's neglected river front, and we only hope that Custom House Terrace becomes another pleasant spot for those who know well how "to sit and stare."

Darwin's Barometer

The barometer Darwin used to tap with his knuckle in the days when he lived at Downe House in Kent is back again in his study. Ever since the old house was presented to the nation by Sir Buckston Browne, things which the great scientist cherished have been gathered by the Committee and put back into the rooms where he lived and worked and wrote his books. The barometer, the latest addition, is in working order.

DERBYSHIRE HAS A NEW LAKE

Derbyshire has created for itself a lake, an addition to this countryside of valleys and rivers, which was made for use and is now disclosed as a thing of beauty.

Goyt Valley Reservoir will hold more than 1000 million gallons. From it water will flow to the taps of a quarter of a million people.

That is its use, and when the Mayor of Stockport turned a wheel in the filter house the other day congratulations were offered all round on a five-years task so well completed. Engineers, architects, and town corporations saw before them a reservoir covering 86 acres held up by a dam 135 feet high, but the people who live thereabouts, especially in Buxton, saw something more. They saw a beautiful stretch of water a mile and a half long with the verdant sides of the valley mirrored on its surface, a lake such as nowhere else can be found in Derbyshire; and they perceived as well that their fears about the destruction of the valley's beauty had been idle. For years they had watched with anxious eyes the invasion of the valley by cranes, railway engines, and steam excavators.

No Need For Ugliness

But now that all the work is done the valley has been crowned with a grace and charm that it had not possessed before. It has come out from the ordeal triumphantly and points the moral that the works of man may be carried on without harm to those of Nature.

Something of the kind we have witnessed elsewhere on a smaller scale along a Kent arterial road. Gravel pits which scarred the countryside and gashed its green carpet have become filled with water, and a little lake is added to the landscape.

Another example is close by one of the arterial roads between Hammersmith and near the Thames. Here the work of the road makers left acres of broken land by the side of the roads. The land is being rapidly levelled, turfed, and converted into playing fields.

There is no need for ugliness. Beauty and use can go hand in hand if people will but give their minds to it. Even a colliery dump can be made attractive, as many have been.

IMPERIAL CHARTER

Five Points For the British Empire

Now that the Imperial Conference of 1937 has taken its place in history, it is well to consider exactly what it is that has been done. We may take its Five Great Points. They make up an excellent Imperial Charter.

Peace. For each part of the Empire the first objective is the preservation of Peace.

No Aggression. Recognising the aims and ideals of the League of Nations, the members of the Conference unanimously declare that their armaments will never be used for aggression or inconsistently with the Covenant.

Separate the League from the Peace Treaties. The members, impressed with the desirability of widening the membership of the League, think it proper that the Covenant shall be separated from the Versailles Treaties of Peace.

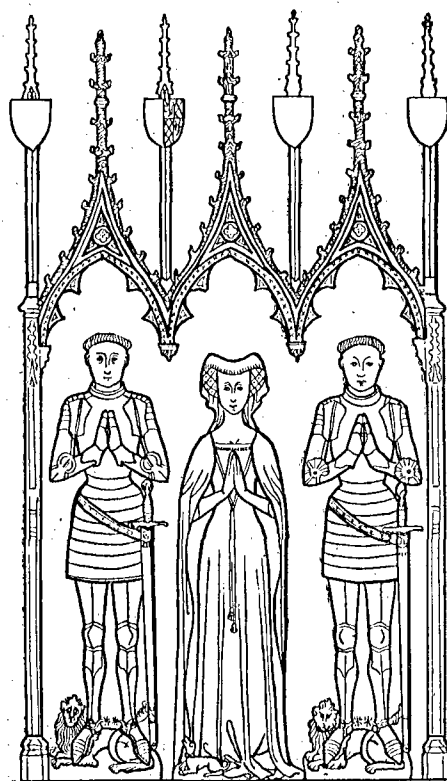
Disarmament. They all earnestly desire disarmament but recognise the need of arms for defence and for the fulfilment of international obligations.

Democracy and Tolerance. Finally, the Conference members, while declaring their firm adherence to Democracy and Parliamentary Government, register their view that differences of political creed should be no obstacle to international relations, and feel that nothing could be more damaging to hopes of peace than the real or apparent division of the world into opposing groups.

BRASS PORTRAIT GALLERY

Few people, perhaps, would be tempted to pause in their play to read the report of the Monumental Brass Society, yet those who are reading the King's England books know well how interesting these brasses are.

Actually the Society is the guardian of some of the most precious possessions in the whole British Empire, preserving for the world our earliest portrait gallery, figures of men and women dating back over six centuries. The brasses show us the costumes and



Portraits in brass at Etchingham in Sussex

armour worn in ancient days, and the forms of writing long before Chaucer.

They show us in what array the old knights and baronial warriors went to war, how the men dressed who made our laws, in what costumes women dressed for great occasions. One shows the portrait of a knight who went on crusade with the English king who brought the Coronation Stone to Westminster; another gives us the lifelike portrait of a man mounted on a galloping stag to remind us that the rider was huntsman to Queen Elizabeth.

Once upon a time our churches, cathedrals, abbeys, and monasteries teemed with brasses, and still we have, with our four thousand or so, more than all the rest of the world put together.

The King's England volumes now being published by the Editor of the C.N. give a list of all these brasses in every county, and some of them are remarkable portraits, such as the one we give from the volume on Sussex.

Hanging Things Up At the Pole

Hearing that the wonder men encamped at the North Pole have built an ice-house, we may wonder what use they will make of the walls. Nails cannot be driven in, yet things must be hung up.

Our own countrymen have lived in conditions as rigorous in the Antarctic, and in their ice-houses, when they wished to hang anything up, they melted a patch of wall, clapped whatever it was to the spot, and in an instant it froze and remained there.

The interior of an ice-house will resist a greater measure of heat than the snow-hut. The temperature of the hut has to be maintained at freezing point; if the heat exceeds that the snow melts and the inmate receives a cold shower bath.

HERE CECIL RHODES WAS BORN

Home of an Empire Dreamer

A MUSEUM COMING INTO BEING

They are busy now at Bishop's Stortford with the plans for a memorial and museum to the town's greatest son, Cecil Rhodes.

He was born in a small Victorian house in South Street, in what was then, over 80 years ago, the outskirts of the town, though Bishop's Stortford has grown much since.

A dingy plaque of stone set beside the first floor window says:

The Rt Honble Cecil John Rhodes, the founder of Rhodesia, was born in the room within: July 5, 1853.

Small as the house is, it contained a big and happy family in those far-off Victorian days, for the Vicar of Bishop's Stortford, Francis W. Rhodes, had eleven children, and ten lived to grow up into happy and useful men and women.

The Nurse of the Happy Family

They might not have been so crowded a family had they lived in the vicarage, but Mrs Rhodes, the vicar's second wife, and mother of ten of the children, found it too gloomy, so they moved out of the centre of the town, and here it was, in the South Street house, that their Nanny, Emma, came to live with them. Mrs Newman is still living and is 83. Cecil was a schoolboy of 14 then, and Nanny only two years older.

All the Rhodes family are gone now, and most of those who knew Cecil as a boy are gone also. In his birthplace there is probably one living person only who knew him as a boy, and that is Mrs Newman. She lives close to the old home, at 60 Nursery Street, a most appropriate address for her, as, bright and full of fun, she sits reading the newspaper in her little sitting-room.

Poring over his Books

She talked to the C.N. about Cecil Rhodes. "Such a studious boy he was (she said); I always thought it couldn't be good for his health to be poring over those books of his all day and most of the evening. He'd lose himself in them, so that you couldn't get a word out of him. He was thin and tall, too tall for his strength, and he was delicate too. That was why he went to South Africa—to get back his health, not to seek the great fortune which he made.

"We thought he would do well in life, but nobody imagined that he would carve out such a career for himself and become one of the great pioneers of the British Empire. But he had determination, not only with his studies. He was a fanatic for cold baths, even in the depths of winter, and in days when they weren't usual. I'm sure he didn't really enjoy shivering in the icy water, but it was good for his health, and so he did it.

"When I married from the house their father gave me a fine bridal-dress of brown silk as a wedding-gift.

"Now I am waiting for a chance to walk down the hill and see how we're getting on with the museum. I shall be there when it is opened."

A Dignified Memorial

The Rhodes Museum will be made out of the actual house where the family lived, with the house next door as well. The actual house will be furnished as when Cecil lived there, and next-door will be filled with the relics of his career which are being collected now by Sir Abe Bailey and others, chiefly from South Africa.

The committee which is making the plans is determined on one thing. There is to be no cheapening of Rhodes House, no postcards or souvenirs on sale, no teas served. The museum will be a dignified and worthy memorial to the greatest son of this quiet little market-town on the border of Herts and Essex.

WONDERFUL STORY OF A CHALICE

Corsham's Jewelled Treasure

There are more astonishing things in our English countryside than anywhere else on earth.

We come into our churches and find wonder even in the chalices used all the year round, for they are among our greatest treasures, and we must have at least a thousand that have come down to us from Elizabeth's day. Somerset alone has 200, and Dorset half as many. There are 20 going back to the days of Edward the Sixth, and 50 older than the Reformation. One church has a chalice made from a shell fired in the war days, and another has one made from half a coconut. But we have to come to Wiltshire to find the chalice with the most wonderful story of all.

It is the poignant story of a bride, and we come upon it at Corsham. Over the wall of a park as we ride from London to Bath is a stately avenue with a Tudor house at the end. It was from this house that they bore one summer's day the Father of the British Army, the oldest of our Field Marshals, Lord Methuen. He lies just over his garden wall, with Evelyn Methuen beside him. Those who remember her see her in the two white marble angels by the altar. They were sculptured by Sir Edgar Boehm, and are regarded as good likenesses of the baronet's daughter who married the heir of the Methuens and was carried to her grave the year after the bells had rung for her wedding. She was the first wife of Lord Methuen, who was laid beside her after 53 years had run.

Bridal Jewels

As she lay dying in the summer of 1879 Evelyn Methuen asked that the jewels she wore at her wedding should be given to adorn the chalice of Corsham Church, and they are riveted on to it, six pearls with diamonds in the sacred monogram, one pearl set in diamonds, and clusters of small diamonds within the circles of a knot. The jewelled cup bears her name. The beautiful chalice is still used every Sunday. Lord Methuen, gallant soldier and Christian gentleman, was rarely known to miss communion when at Corsham Court, and for over half a century he knelt at this altar and drank from the chalice shining with the jewels of his lost bride. Now they are together again, and we read round their graves those famous lines by William Wordsworth:

*The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.*

This story is one of many in the stirring pages of Arthur Mee's Enchanted Land, a summary of the wonders we may see in the King's England, and an introduction to the Editor's new Domesday Book of our 10,000 villages. It is published at 7s 6d by Hodder and Stoughton.

The Cost of a House

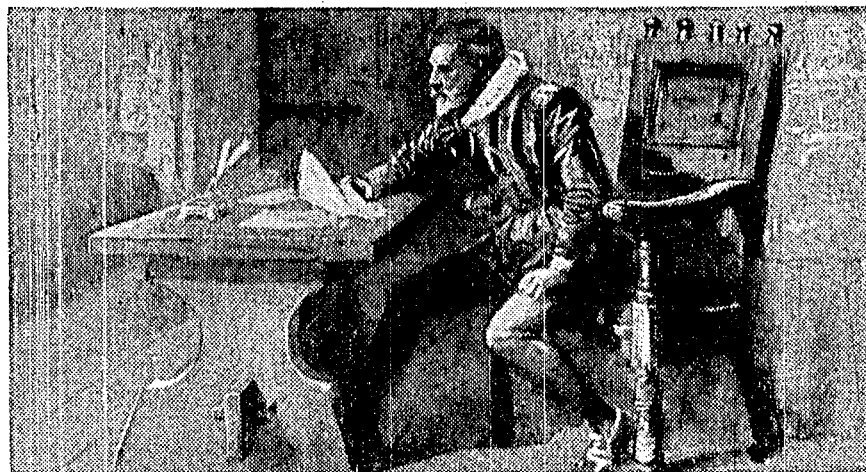
A house which cost £295 four years ago now costs £400, owing to the rise in wages and the big rise in the cost of materials.

That is a report from Brighton, and it represents the general case, as stated at a big housing conference.

It was generally agreed that such rising costs made it necessary for the Government to assist the building of houses by local authorities so that they could be let to poor people at reasonable rents.

One architect denounced the fashion for huge blocks of flats, declaring that the individual home should be retained wherever possible, for it was bad for public health to crowd more and more families to the acre by erecting flats.

Sir Walter Raleigh To a Prince



In this age of strife between nations and of the battle of ideas it is interesting to recall this letter written by Sir Walter Raleigh to his young friend Prince Henry, whose death made way for Charles Stuart to reach the throne.

MAY it please Your Highness,

The following lines are addressed to your Highness from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could anywhere enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father God's Vicegerent, which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful and not to that of being all-good.

His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations, but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny.

Be careful, oh, my prince! Hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince: let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity.

It was Prince Henry, son of James the First, who said of Raleigh that "only my father would keep such a bird in a cage." How vastly different history would have been if Prince Henry's brother Charles had read this letter and modelled his life on it!

What Clever People Sometimes Do

WE have all heard of the architect who designed a house without providing it with a staircase.

Probably he never existed, but we do know of one who put the hot-water pipes in the larder and set the front door in utter darkness. Also the following is quite true.

Pittsburg built a new post office at a cost of £1,200,000. A few minutes after it was opened to the public people began complaining that there was no letter-box in which to post letters. The dismayed postmaster got in touch with the architects, who were obliged to confess that they had actually forgotten all about the letter-box.

The cleverest of us make such errors, for we are all absent-minded at times. There was Sir Isaac Newton, for example, who, it is said, put his watch in the

Let me not doubt but all pleas which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people will appear as absurd to your great understanding as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants in the glorious cause of liberty, and assume such an ambition worthy of you to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God.

While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many commonplaces in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended? The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations.

Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people.

saucepan and timed its boiling by holding the egg in his hand; and once, when he wished to stop the annoyance of a cat and kittens scraping at his door, cut one hole for the cat and a smaller one for the kittens. (We actually know a gardener who did that!)

An American advice says that the Cooperative Bank, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, spent £100 in renovating a vacant house. When the work was done they discovered that the house did not belong to them; their property was two doors away!

A certain film studio was annoyed by aeroplanes passing overhead, so the officials had a huge sign painted on the roof—**FILM STUDIO—QUIET, PLEASE.** It was a bad mistake. The pilots only dropped down closer to read the sign!

TWO TALL SHIPS IN PORT

Finnish Barques at Hull

In these days of steamships it has been a surprise to many Hull people to see two sailing ships in port.

Those who watched these fine vessels coming proudly up the Humber, their great spread of canvas holding the wind, may well have recalled the old days of which John Masfield was thinking when he wrote:

*I must go down to the seas again, to the
lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song,
and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and the
grey dawn breaking.*

One of the ships at Hull is the Killoran, the other the Pamir, which Captain Lindwald has brought 15,000 miles from South Australia. The Pamir is one of a fleet of four-masted barques belonging to Captain Gustav Erikson, the famous Finnish ship owner who delights to keep sailing ships on the high seas, and boasts that he is the owner of the biggest fleet of its kind in the world.

Captain Lindwald, a bronzed and good-humoured Finn, is justly proud of his ship, which has just brought over 4000 tons of grain halfway round the world in 97 days. A tall ship she is with her soaring masts, three known as square-rigged, and one known as the fore-and-aft. She needs all her crew of 28 men to spring aloft at the boatswain's whistle when her 35 sails are to be furled.

The time cannot be far off when all sailing ships will vanish from the sea, but Gustav Erikson intends to keep his fleet of barques afloat as long as he can, for he loves the sight of white sails and the music of the wind in the rigging.

A Proud Boast at Nont Sarah

A C N correspondent motoring in the Huddersfield district, coming up from Longwood to a point of the Pennines with the quaint name of Nont Sarah, talked with a man who said proudly, "Tha's standing on t' highest spot looking east till tha' comes to t' edge of Europe."

At first we thought this was an idle boast, but a little thought and investigation have shown that the Yorkshireman was right, for the Pennines are certainly the highest mountains due west of the Urals, 2000 miles away.

There are, of course, hundreds of spots in England where this boast may be justly made, and Adam Sedgwick, the geologist, who made it when standing on the Gog Magog Hills, was also right.

By the same process of reasoning the Editor boasts that a tree in his wood is the highest tree between his Kent hilltop and the North Pole.

66 Pastors Captive in Germany

The position of the Evangelical Church in Germany is becoming worse. The leaders are remorselessly being removed from their livings and imprisoned.

Many pastors and their lay advisers were arrested in Berlin the other day after a meeting of the Council of Brethren, the central body of this Church. It is believed that 66 pastors and laymen have so far been arrested, but no one really knows the total number, nor even where these brave and determined Christians are, for the arrests are made secretly and no information is given by the police. Many pastors who were arrested last year are still prisoners.

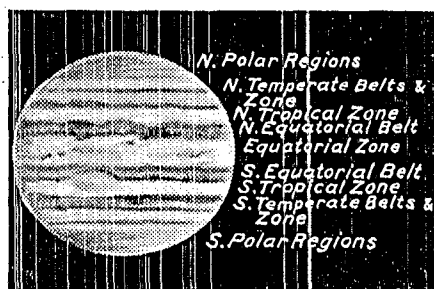
JUPITER AT HIS NEAREST

The Mystery Beneath His Belts of Cloud

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great world of Jupiter may now be seen low in the south-east, late in the evening. At present he rises soon after 9 o'clock, but as this happens about half an hour earlier each week Jupiter will soon become more in evidence and an interesting rival to Mars, which adorns the south-west sky. Actually Jupiter could contain within his enormous sphere 9000 worlds the size of Mars, but as he is over seven times farther away Jupiter's apparent size is much reduced when compared with Mars. It is when we reflect that Jupiter could contain 1300 worlds the size of ours that we become impressed with the magnificence of such a sphere, were it a world like ours. What vast regions would be at man's disposal in a world with an area 120 times greater than the Earth possesses.

It is hard to tell what we should find were we transported to Jupiter, as his actual surface is hidden by dense belts of cloud. These are of varying tints according to latitude, which suggests that they are of different temperatures and possibly of slightly different chemical constitution. These cloud belts which are sufficiently distinctive to be named,



Jupiter's belts, shown dark, and the zones between

as indicated on the picture, revolve at different rates round the planet; the great Equatorial Belt rotates with great speed covering about 263,000 miles in 9 hours, 50 minutes, while cloud belts in higher latitudes take about 9 hours 55 minutes, so it frequently happens that the great Equatorial Belt passes the other to the north and south of it at about 200 miles an hour. Eighty miles an hour is hurricane force on the Earth, if we wish to form a comparison.

With the Sun at an average distance of 483,000,000 miles and appearing less than one-fifth the width he appears to us, it is obvious that Jupiter can receive only about one-twenty-seventh of the average amount of heat and light that we do. So it is not surprising that tests of the surface temperatures of Jupiter's clouds give a figure as low as 140 degrees below zero Centigrade. We know, however, that there are very cold layers in our world's upper atmosphere and high cirrus clouds are regarded as composed of frozen particles, while there is also the still colder layer of frozen nitrogen at much greater heights. Such layers would give an investigator on Mars the impression of great cold upon Earth, whereas we know that it is far from being so.

A Reservoir of Internal Heat

We thus realise how difficult is the problem of the warmth and actual habitability of Jupiter's more substantial surface, which is far beneath the cloud surface. Notwithstanding the Sun's remoteness, however, the known facts of our own world justify us in inferring that Jupiter possesses a great reservoir of internal heat which may be capable of raising the lower stratum of his dense atmosphere to super-tropical temperatures in equatorial regions. It is there chiefly, as on the Earth, that the greatest storm disturbances originate, indicating the existence of hot currents

CAVES

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.*

All caves are alluring, and few of us escape the fascination of these cellars in which Nature sometimes stores curious treasures.

The sea caves are often wonderful; and thrilling it is to visit them in a boat, gliding slowly out of the sunshine into the gloom where the water is deep and cool, the rocks fantastic and often terrible. Majestic is Fingal's Cave in the island of Staffa, its pillared entrance like the doorway of some great church. The grotto, nearly 230 feet long and 60 feet high, is remarkable for its basalt columns.

Underground Streams

Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem of Kubla Khan comes to mind when we visit some of Yorkshire's caves in what is known as the Craven district, for there, as in the White Scar Caverns, we may come upon underground streams which run through caverns, measureless to man, down to a sunless sea.

Sometimes the past is treasured up in caves. It was in the Kirkdale cave that Frank Buckland found the tools of Stone Age Men and the bones of elephants, wolves, and bears. There is the Victoria Cave near Settle, notable for the bones of animals long vanished from our islands, and believed to have been the home of men who lived before the last Ice Age; and there is Kent's Cavern near Torquay, a treasure house of relics.

Scotland keeps Robert Bruce's cave, with its story of the spider.

But our British caves never reach the gigantic proportions of caves to be found in New Zealand and North America. One of the biggest of all is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, so vast that it has been explored for over ten miles, though the total length of its galleries must be over 40 miles. The cave has huge galleries and halls, and a lake into which flow ice-cold streams.

The Seven Sleepers

Stories of caves abound. They have been hiding-places from time immemorial, and there has come down to us the strange adventure of the Seven Sleepers, noble youths of Ephesus of whom legend says they fled to a cave during a time of persecution, and slept there for 230 years. We are told that they died soon after awaking; and tradition links them with Marseilles, where their bodies were once believed to have rested in a big stone coffin.

Lot dwelt in a cave, and Abraham buried Sarah in a cave. In the Book of Joshua is the strange story of how five kings fled and hid in a cave; and there was a time when the Israelites hid in caves. David escaped to the cave of Adullam, and there went all who were in distress. It was in a cave that David might have killed Saul; and it was while Elijah was in a cave that the word of the Lord came to him.

Continued from the previous column

ascending from below to produce them. In the so-called temperate regions more quiescent conditions prevail, while the polar regions appear quite tranquil.

Far below the frigid surfaces of those cloud belts, molten lava and volcanic vents may encircle the equatorial regions of his great sphere, while only in far northern and southern regions may life be possible and adapted to the peculiarities of the atmosphere, as it is on Earth. But, in any case, the varying emissions from such vents of different chemical fumes and vapours might well account for the varying tints of Jupiter's great equatorial belts.

G. F. M.

GREAT POLAND

Sixth Nation in Europe

The new Poland arose out of the Great War, and is today one of Europe's big States.

Her territory is no more than 150,000 square miles, but she has a great and rapidly increasing population, which has already reached 34 millions, and is the sixth biggest in Europe. Each year sees a further addition of about half a million.

The people are very mixed in race. Within her borders Poland has 3,500,000 Jews, 2,000,000 Germans, 4,000,000 Ruthenians (sometimes called Little Russians).

The pressure of population in a country not naturally rich is causing great trouble. Many of the Jews have emigrated to Palestine, but that outlet is not big enough to absorb those who desire to find a new home.

Poland seeks access to new lands for her surplus people, and she has formally raised the question with the League of Nations. She also urges that, like other nations, she must seek markets for her productions and raw materials for her industries. No one in fairness wishes to deny her a share in the common inheritance of mankind.

Britain the Engineer

That great trade society the Amalgamated Engineering Union is anxious about the future. Can we blame it? Do we realise how our engineers have suffered since the war?

Britain is above all Britain the Engineer. The engineers made us. They showed us how to work our precious coal, how to make railways, how to construct machines of a thousand sorts. They defended us with magnificent ships.

After the war the slump brought hardship to tens of thousands of engineers. This splendid trade was not sheltered as some others were, and a skilled engineer found himself earning less than a dustman. Now things are better again and a shortage of labour is reported, which is making the engineers fear that unskilled labour will be recruited to make things hard for them again in a few years' time. The Union is asking for guarantees in the form of an agreement that will protect them.

Good News For Miners

Conquest is reported of yet another dread disease.

Miners suffer from a complaint called silicosis, a word based on silicon, the chief constituent of quartz and flint. Next to oxygen, silicon is the chief constituent of our planet. Mineworkers, constantly inhaling particles of silica rock, have their lungs seriously affected.

From Canada there now comes the news that experiment has made an important revelation. It is that if particles of aluminium are inhaled with the silica dust the lungs do not suffer.

The silicon discovery is due to Dr Dudley Irwin, and we must pray that it will fulfil its promise.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of July 1912

A Great Discovery. The growing demand for rubber has led in the last few years to a remarkable development of rubber companies, and a good rubber plantation has of late become a source of almost incalculable wealth to its owners. But there have always been fears among those investing their money in this industry that a way of making artificial rubber would be discovered by the chemists, and at last the chemists have found a way.

Don't miss the July COMPETITION

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3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. 1/4 lb.

Gar. 10N

BIRD ISLAND

Complete in Two Parts
By T. C. BridgesCHAPTER 3
Cave Men

Cold water splashed on his forehead brought Hugh round. He looked up into Glyn's anxious face.

"I'm sorry, old chap," he said hoarsely. "I'll be all right in a few minutes. We've got to save those gannets," he added desperately.

"You'll jolly well stay where you are," retorted Glyn. "You keep still for a bit. I can handle the work till you're fit again."

He hurried off and Hugh stayed where he was. He drank more water from a spring and soon felt better. In five minutes he was on his feet again.

He found Glyn using a grass torch, burning a fire-break between the creeping flames and the gannet colony. As soon as this break was six feet wide he beat out the flames. Hugh, with freshly-soaked sacks, helped in the job. It was not so hot or so hard as the previous work but the smoke was very bad.

The afternoon drew on, the clouds thickened, the breeze grew stronger. Both saw, the danger was that the fire would get round the end of their fire-break.

The blaze kept on crawling away in front of them and they had to curve their fire-break. When dusk came the fire was beating them, and the two boys were staggering and half blind with weariness.

"We're done," said Glyn grimly, and just then a drop smacked Hugh's cheek.

"Rain!" he croaked, and dropped. Within two minutes it was coming down solid, and within five the glow had vanished. There was nothing but steam and smoke. The two boys sat on the ground, soaked to the skin. They were too tired and too happy to move. At last Glyn scrambled up. "It's all over. Come on home."

They walked wearily back over the blackened ground to the beach. Then both stopped short.

"Where's the boat?" gasped Hugh.

"The tide," Glyn answered. "I forgot it was a full spring. She's broken loose and gone."

Hugh looked at him. "Then we're stuck here," he said, in a flat voice.

"Stuck for the night. All my fault," said Glyn bitterly. Hugh did not answer. He was not only tired but frightfully hungry. The prospect of a wet night on this barren island without food was most unpleasant. Also his father would be worried.

Glyn spoke. "There's a cave the north end. I've never been in it but I've seen the mouth. I don't know if we can get there, but we have to try. If we stay in the rain all night there won't be much of us left in the morning."

Hugh groaned inwardly. He was so tired he could hardly put one foot in front of the other, and it was half a mile to the north end. Bad going, too: deep gullies and thick, wet grass. Also it was nearly dark. It was quite dark when they got there, and then they had to climb down the steep cliff face. With the waves roaring beneath them this wasn't exactly fun.

At last they got to the bottom. The tide was ebbing now and there was a narrow strip of shingly beach at the bottom. Waves were still breaking over it, but they were so wet already that this made no odds. Glyn groped about in the gloom and Hugh followed. It seemed an hour but was probably not more than ten minutes before they found the entrance. It was a narrow cleft just above high-water mark, and of course black as pitch inside.

"Wait a jiffy," Glyn said. "I'll strike a light." He had matches in a corked bottle, and as he struck one the light showed a good-sized chamber farther in.

"I say, someone's been living here," Hugh cried. "Look! An oil stove."

The match burned out and Glyn lit another. "You're right, Hugh. And candles."

There were two candles stuck in bottles standing on a packing-case which was evidently used as a table. Glyn lit them both, and Hugh gazed round in surprise. There were two cots with mattresses made of grass and sacking, there was a table and shelves with tins on them. Hugh pointed to a side of bacon hanging from the roof. "This is luck," he said gleefully. "We shan't starve. Let's see if there is any oil in the stove."

He went toward it, but, before he could reach it, a man came plunging out from an opening in the left-hand wall of the cave. He was a short, stocky fellow with a flat, white face, and his cheeks and chin were covered with black stubble.

Hugh tried to jump aside, but he was so tired he was slow, and the man was on him like a terrier on a rabbit. Hugh went down with a crash that knocked all the breath out of his body and lay half stunned and helpless. He felt the man's hot breath in his face and his hard fingers on his throat.

There was a thud. His assailant collapsed and fell across him. Glyn dragged him free. Glyn's eyes were blazing, his lips were tightly compressed. He held a length of scantling gripped in both hands.

"H-have you killed him?" Hugh gasped.

"Serve him right if I had," Glyn snapped. "The brute would have hurt you badly if I hadn't been pretty quick. No, I've only knocked him out. Help me to tie him up before he comes round."

There was plenty of cord from the packages. They trussed the man up and left him where he lay.

"But who is he?" Hugh asked.

"I never saw him before, but I'm sure he's one of this smuggling gang we've been hearing of for a long time past."

"Smugglers! I thought they'd all disappeared long ago."

"Not a bit of it. There are more now than ever. These chaps bring stuff in from Ireland. Spirits, even drugs, they say. But it's a bit of luck for us finding their place. Light up that stove while I see what's in these tins."

There was oil in the stove, the kettle was full of water, and there were tins of soup and tongue and even fruit salad. The two boys helped themselves and made a royal feast. They finished with three mugs of hot tea apiece and felt better. Meantime the man whom Glyn had knocked out had recovered his senses and lay glaring at the boys so savagely that Hugh felt uncomfortable.

"What shall we do with him?" he whispered to Glyn.

"Keep him till morning. Then someone will come for us and we'll hand him over to the police."

The smuggler heard.

"Police!" he snarled. "You'll never see police again."

"What does he mean?" Hugh asked.

"That some of his precious pals will be here before morning," Glyn answered.

CHAPTER 4
Quick Work

Glyn drew Hugh into the side cave. This, Hugh saw, was full of bales and boxes. "Tell you what we'll do, Hugh. We'll put our fuzzy friend in here and gag him; then we'll have a bit of sleep, and very early we'll be waiting outside for the smuggling gentlemen."

It was so cool that Hugh stared. "But there'll be a lot of them," he objected.

"There won't be a lot," Glyn assured him. "These chaps work in twos and threes, because they don't want too many to share the spoil. The odds are there won't be more than two men, and they'll come in a launch. They will arrive just before dawn, and I know exactly where they will put in. Now help me to lug the prisoner in here, and after that you'll take three hours' sleep. Then I'll wake you and you can watch while I get a bit of shut-eye."

Glyn's calmness was infectious. Hugh helped him to drag the prisoner into the inner cave, and there they left him. Then Hugh lay down on one of the bunks and instantly was sound asleep. Glyn drank strong tea, but even so hardly dared sit down for fear of falling asleep. Every now and then he got up and went to the mouth of the cave.

At twelve he roused Hugh, who kept guard till three, when he waked Glyn.

"Seen anything?" was Glyn's first question.

"Just moon and waves," Hugh said; "but dawn is coming."

"We'll gag our prisoner and go out," Glyn answered.

The dawn wind blew cold as Glyn led the way to a little inlet among the rocks about fifty paces from the cave mouth. The two crouched in a deep niche between two great rocks and waited. Presently the sky over the mountains inland began to lighten.

"Time for them to come if they are coming," Glyn said, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before Hugh pointed to a dark speck in the north-west.

"It's the launch," Glyn told him. "Keep down."

The launch was coming up hand over fist. Soon he could see her sharp bow parting the waves as she raced toward the

island. Then she was close and he could see the head of the man who sat in the cockpit, steering.

A second man appeared from under the cowl. He was a huge, burly fellow with a face that looked as if cut out of Welsh granite. He got up into the bow and fended the launch off the rocks with a boat hook. The launch came to rest in the quiet water of the tiny harbour; the big man sprang ashore with a rope and made fast to a point of rock.

The second man got out of the cockpit and scrambled ashore. He glanced at the launch. "She'll be all right," he said half doubtfully to the other.

"Why shouldn't she?" growled the big fellow. "Come on to the cave. Carter can unload while we're eating."

"Carter—that's the chap in the cave," Glyn whispered.

"We ought to have put him somewhere outside," replied Hugh uneasily. "It'll be bad for us when they see him."

"We'll be away before then," Glyn told him.

"Bag the launch, you mean?" Hugh asked eagerly.

"Of course," was the quick answer.

"Do you know how to run it?"

"I ought to," Glyn said. His eyes were on the second man, the one who had been steering. He was picking his way quite slowly across the rocks. "Wish he'd hurry up," Glyn muttered. "We can't move until he's out of sight."

Hugh saw that Glyn was beginning to look very anxious. It could be only a minute or two before the big chap discovered that Carter was tied up. Glyn spoke again.

"The moment I move, cast off that mooring rope and jump in. Don't waste a moment. If we're not clear of the harbour before they reach us we're done."

At last the second man was out of sight around the spur of rock which hid the mouth of the cave. Instantly Glyn made a rush. Hugh at once cast off the rope, jumped aboard, and picked up the boat hook. Before he could start the push off there was a savage snarl and a large black dog sprang out from under the cowering and went for Glyn like a tiger. At the same moment there came a furious yell from the cave.

Glyn hit the dog in the jaw with his fist, but the force of the brute's leap knocked him backwards. Hugh, who had been nervous as a cat while waiting, now became perfectly cool. With the boat hook he caught the dog by the collar, dragged it back by main force, got it on to the deck, and all in one motion swung it overboard. Turning quick as a flash, he put the end of the boat hook against a rock and, with a strength he did not know he possessed, forced the launch away from the shore. The two smugglers were racing across the rocks. It did not seem possible that the boys could get the launch clear before the first, the big man, could jump aboard, but just at that moment the engine roared and the launch, turning almost in her own length, shot away.

The big man jumped, but failed to reach the deck; he caught the gunwale with both hands, but Hugh rapped him over the knuckles with the boat hook and forced him to let go. As the launch shot out to sea the dog was climbing out on one side of the inlet and the big man on the other.

"Good for you, Hugh," said Glyn, but the tone in which he said it brought the colour to Hugh's cheeks.

Twenty minutes later the launch was in Careg Cove, where the boys found their fathers starting out in a fisherman's boat. They had known that their sons were on the island, but the sea had been too rough to cross during the night.

That was the most exciting day the village had had for years. The policeman and Mr Owen with half a dozen men went back to the island in the launch, and presently brought back three prisoners, who were carefully locked up. Then the launch went out again to get the stuff from the cave, and a little later a police inspector and a Customs House official arrived.

To them the boys had to tell the whole story. The inspector listened with interest. "Good work," he said when they had finished. He turned to the Customs man. "They'll get something out of this, eh, Mr Thompson?"

Mr Thompson nodded. "Something between fifty and a hundred pounds," he answered.

Hugh gasped. Glyn smote him on the back. "Pay for your holiday and a bit over, old chap," he said gleefully.

THE END

JACKO MAKES A GOOD START

THE Jacko Family were off for their summer holidays. As usual they arrived at the station one hour too soon.

But nobody seemed to mind. Father, giving Jacko his little attaché-case to mind, strolled off to get his hair cut, and Jacko decided to help a porter unload some baskets on the far platform.

The porter seemed to have no objection. "Handle 'em gentle," he warned. "Them's carrier pigeons."

"Coo!" said Jacko, deeply in-

terested; and, having deposited Father's bag "for safety" in an empty basket standing on a luggage trolley, he set to work with a will.

He quite forgot the time till a shout from his father took him racing back to the family.

"Now then!" said Father Jacko.

"Do you want to be left behind? And where's my bag?"

"Half a tick!" cried Jacko, and rushed away again.

To his horror the basket had gone,

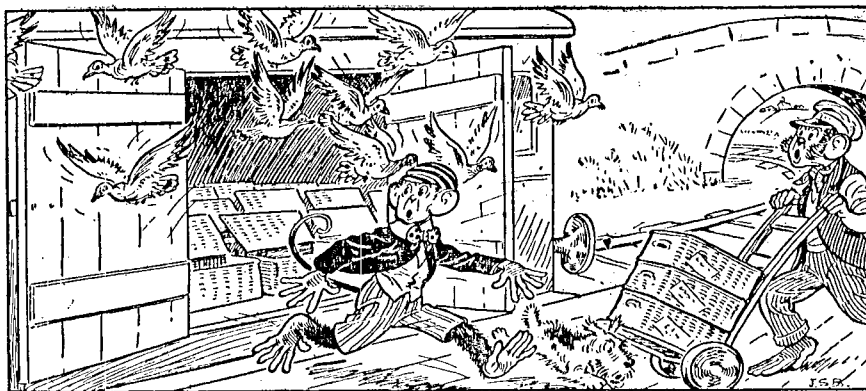
dashing to the rescue. "What do you think you're doing?"

Jacko didn't answer; he was staring at something in the man's hand. A bag—Father's bag!

Without a word he flew at it, snatched it up, and raced along the platform like a madman.

Two minutes later the astonished

porter caught sight of him leaning out of a carriage window as it passed slowly out of the station, laughing heartily at a joke in a comic paper.



Suddenly the air was full of birds



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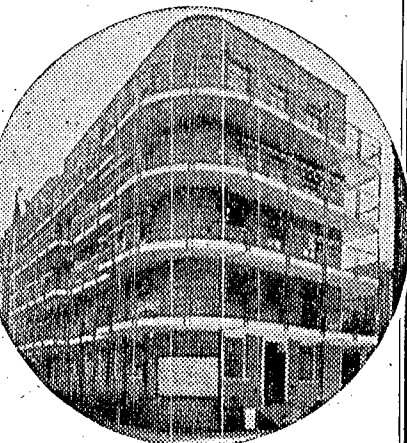
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 10, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

POCKET-MONEY PRIZES FOR GIRLS & BOYS

Two Awards of Ten Shillings and Twelve Half-Crowns To Be Won

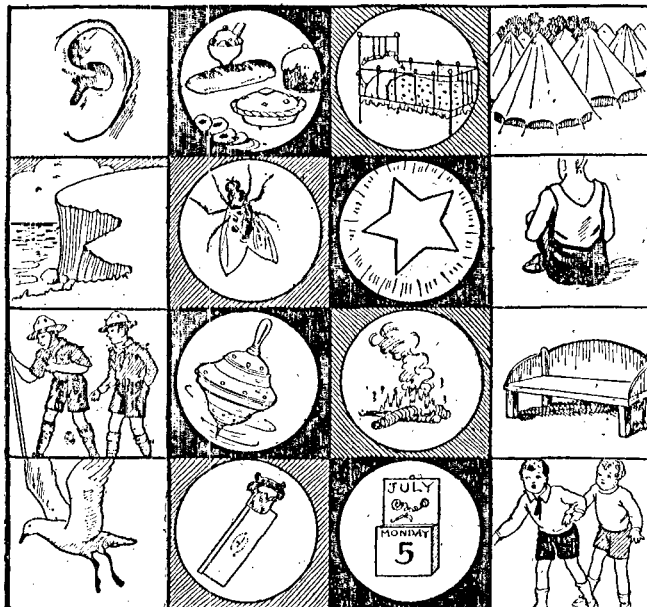
ALL the words or parts of words missing from the little story below are represented by these pictures. Can you fill in the blank spaces?

Two of the pictures show Boy Scouts and a seat. These words have been placed, in italics, where they should come in the story, just as an example.

The Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings each and twelve half-crowns to senders of correct or nearest correct solutions. In the event of ties, neatness of writing will be considered and age will be taken into account. Here is the story:

The Boy Scouts seated by the — on the — an injured — trying to — n — their camp. It was — ving, so the — fed it, and the bird soon grew friendly. It came — each — for — and became the camp mas—.

Write your version of the story on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and



post it to CN Competition Number 30, 1, Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, July 15. There

is no entry fee for this competition, which is open to girls and boys of 15 or under. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

THE BRAN TUB

Built-Up Names

AN animal and three-fifths of a fish give a poet.

A month and an exclamation give an Irish county.

A place of worship and being in bad health give a famous English general.

Part of a candle and to make a noise like a cow give another Irish county.

Answers next week

Ici on Parle Français



La banque Le chèque La tirelire
bank cheque money-box

Papa est allé à la banque encaisser un chèque. Il m'a promis une belle pièce de deux sous toute neuve pour mettre dans ma tirelire.

Daddy has gone to the bank to cash a cheque. He has promised me a bright new penny for my money-box.

Peter Puck on Cricket

I WATCHED a coach drive sure and hard.

"Now, try!" the coach cried, with a wink.

I tried and missed. "Oh dear," I said,

"I'd rather drive a coach, I think."

This Week in Nature

THE eggs of the Oak Eggar Moth are laid. This moth, although not a brilliantly coloured one, is attractive with its chestnut hued wings with a wavy band of yellow crossing them. The caterpillar changes its appearance when bending, the usual uniform brown colour being enriched by rings of velvet-black. The caterpillar spins a wonderful cocoon shaped like an egg, and this gives the moth its name.

Flower Charades

FIRST a beast not large, yet farmers hate,
Second's of no use without its mate.
First is formal and precise,
Second a flower beyond all price.
Without my first we seldom dine,
And use my second, but not for wine.

Answer next week

A Match Trick

LAY five matches on the table and ask a friend to make two complete triangles with them. If he cannot do so show him how it is done, by placing four matches in the shape of a diamond and laying the fifth across the centre.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the South-West and Jupiter in the South-East. In the morning Venus is in the North-East and Saturn in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at nine o'clock on Monday evening, July 12.



Jumbled Vehicles

THE letters of each word or phrase, if properly rearranged, spell the name of a well-known vehicle.
IT RAN OR TO CRAM
E'EN IN GRIEF YARD

Answer next week

What Happened on Your Birthday

- July 11. Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, born . . . 1274
12. Richard Cromwell died . . . 1712
13. Jean Paul Marat assassinated by Charlotte Corday . . . 1793
14. Cardinal Mazarin born . . . 1602
15. Inigo Jones born . . . 1573
16. Sir Joshua Reynolds born 1723
17. Isaac Watts born . . . 1674

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

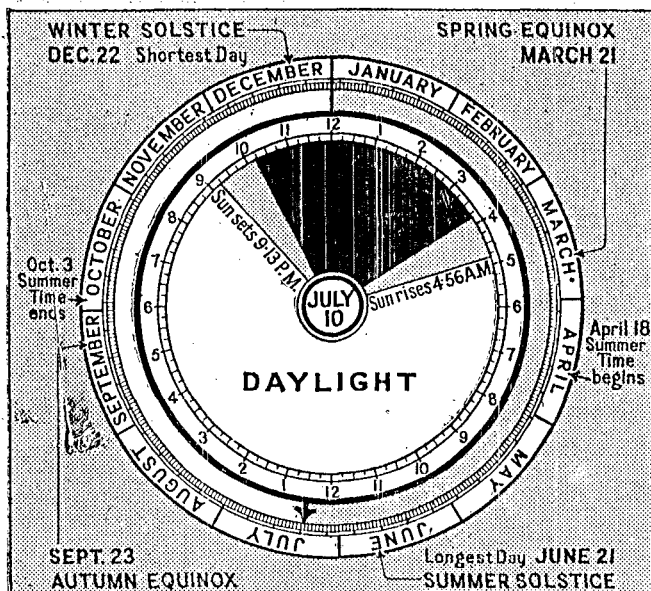
Problem of the Apple-Sellers. The women began by selling at the rate of three a penny. At this rate the first sold ten pennyworth, the second eight pennyworth, and the third seven pennyworth. The first then had three apples left, the second five, and the third six. These were sold at a penny each.

What are these? A pair of horse-shoes.

I Am a God. Eros, roes, rose, sore
Missing Words. Heard, herd; piece, peace; tied, tide; no, know.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

SENSE INTERRUPT
LOOK SNOW ATTEE
ANTI ENDOR TAP
M RARE BEFORE
POLYGRAM AISLE
YOU EEE LEARNIS
APSE RETINASTO
K ENGINEER LEAP



The CN Calendar. This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 10. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Five-Minute Story

Minding Shop

AUNT ETHEL always said it was Marjorie who brought luck and prosperity to her little venture.

Ever since her aunt had bought the millinery shop Marjorie had lived for the day when she could stay with her.

At last the day had come.

Marjorie was a quick child of eleven, and she soon learnt quite a lot about the little business. Her aunt had bought the shop some time before at a very low figure, owing to its having been greatly neglected, and after months of hard work the business was beginning to show distinct progress.

On Friday, the day before Marjorie was due to go home, her aunt came into the sitting-room which led from the shop.

"Oh, dear, Marjorie, it is very awkward!" she said. "Mrs Green has just been in, and she wants a certain shade of ribbon to do up her blue hat. I have nothing like it; but I promised to get it by 4 o'clock. I wonder if you could possibly manage the shop for me while I am away? I won't be more than an hour and a half, or two hours at the most."

"Oh, Aunt Ethel, I'm sure I could manage!"

Marjorie's eyes were sparkling and she felt several inches taller.

When her aunt had gone the time seemed to Marjorie to drag. Half an hour went by and nothing happened. Then suddenly the door opened, and in popped a fussy little old lady.

"Dear, dear, is Miss Saunders not here?" she exclaimed when she had inquired for her. "I want a hat. I dislike buying hats, but I must have a new one for that tiresome garden party."

Marjorie had already opened a drawer and had taken out several hats.

The old lady tried one on. "Oh, no!" said Marjorie, frowning; "that doesn't suit you a bit."

"You're quite right, my child. I look hideous in it. How I hate choosing hats!"

She tried on one after another and tossed them all aside.

Then Marjorie found the very one.

"Oh, that's lovely!" she cried, giving a skip.

"You're right, child." The little old lady's eyes twinkled in amusement. "And a first-class saleswoman!"

And that is how Marjorie secured one of the wealthiest old ladies in the village as a regular customer at her aunt's shop.

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